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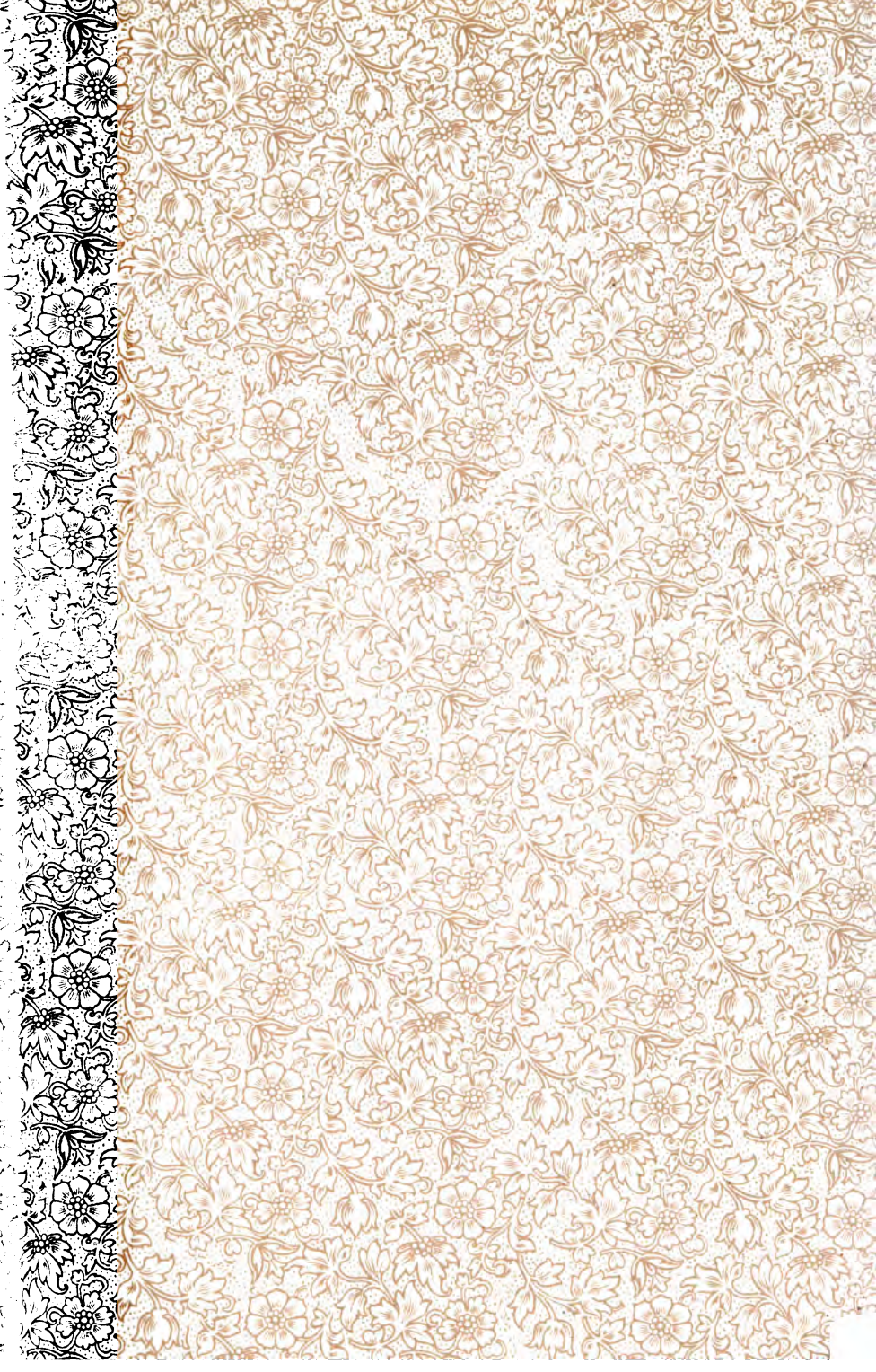
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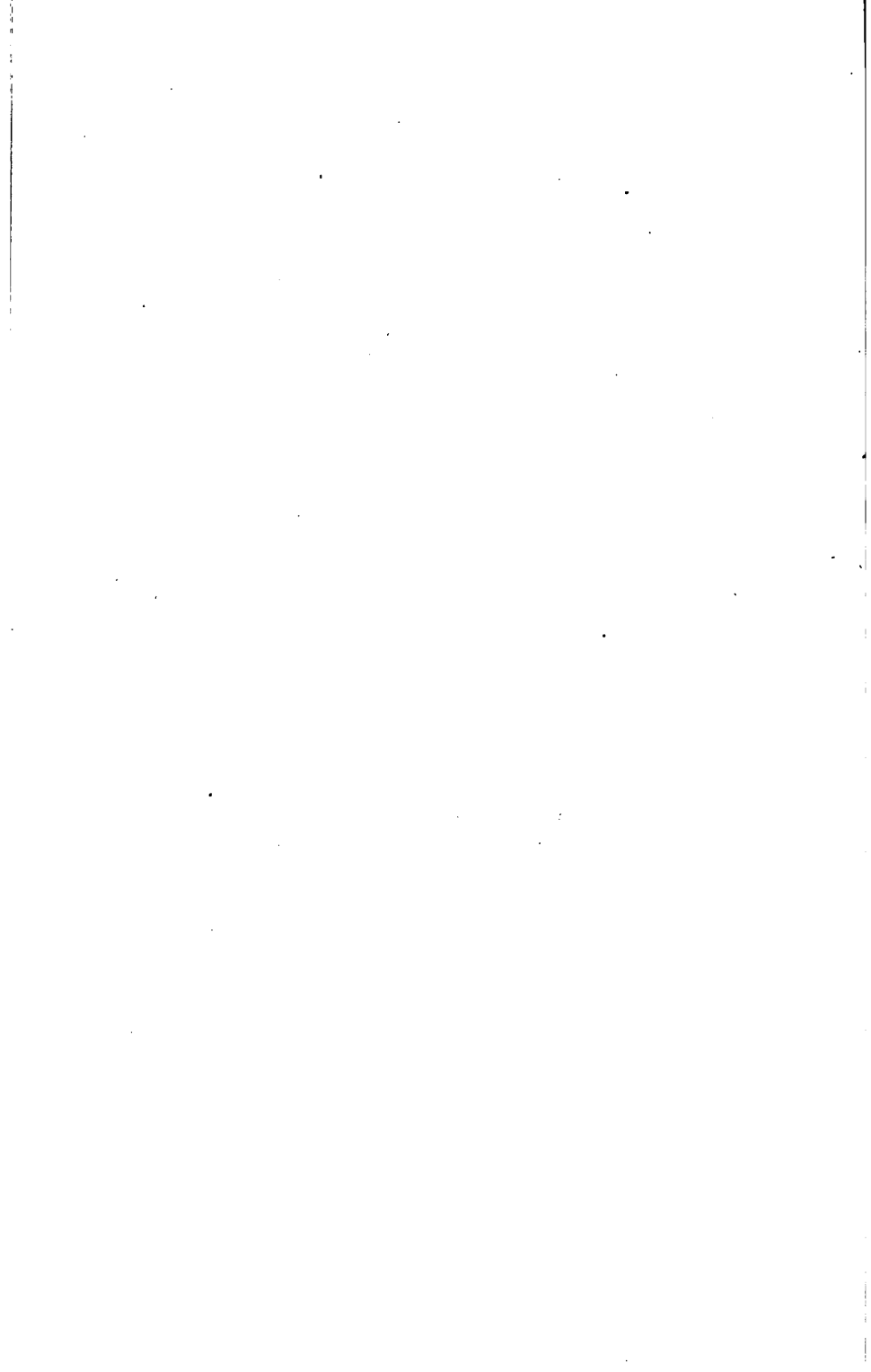
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THE

# Olive Branch.

BY

O. P. MITCHELL,



NEAR PLUM VALLEY, SIERRA COUNTY,

CALIFORNIA.

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MARYSVILLE:

PRINTED AT THE CALIFORNIA EXPRESS JOB OFFICE.

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## PREFACE.

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We want Union, and we want Peace; and we expect to get both. If the Rebels, under the existing political confusion, should return to their allegiance before the first of January next, it occurs to me that there will be a dissatisfied party, that will complain because the South are permitted to return with Slavery in their arms. And on the other hand, there will be a party that will support the war with reluctance, if it abolishes Slavery. It is *not* impossible for us to agree on this matter. When a supposed truth *is truth*, it can be made so plain that *any mind can see* it! This work points out the circumstances under which one people have a *moral* right to hold another people in slavery or bondage. It also points out the *moral* circumstances under which a Government is called upon to destroy that slavery or bondage. It argues both sides of the question; it is limited; there is more where it came from; its object is to clear away confusion; *and I am doing right!*

This paper also points out the way by which we *will* get rid of the African race altogether, to the credit and honor of ourselves ; to the benefit of humanity ; to the benefit of all mankind.

Fellow citizens, Printers and Publishers : This production belongs to the world ; publish it as much as you please.

Your sincere Friend,

O. P. MITCHELL.





## The Olive Branch.

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Slavery, as instituted by the law of Moses, and sanctioned by the New Testament scriptures, governed by the rules and regulations thereof, is not a sin. Lev. xxv., 39 verse, to end of the chapter ; also, Timothy, 1st epistle, chapter vi. The negro slave belonging to a *Christian* master has superior advantages, temporal and spiritual, to the free negro in the Free States. The freedom of the free negro in the Free States is a mere sham, because he has no voice in the laws that govern him. The free negro has all the liberty that the white citizens dare to give him, because he is of a distinct race, and the prejudice of color and of taste does not permit him to exist in perfect intimacy with the white man. Therefore, one or the other must rule, with an *enmity* between them that would last forever.

Now, I wish to be distinctly understood, for I conscientiously think that a white man and a negro, if they have equal virtues, equal intelligence, equal capacity, and equal industry, they are equal ; and in the sight of God, one is as good as the other. *But I do not think that negroes are as good society for white people as white people are !* God has placed a wide distinction between the white man and the negro, and inasmuch as He never made anything in vain, I do not think that He desires them to mix, and destroy that distinction. Now, here is the question : Slave

labor conflicts with the interest and dignity of free labor. But the Southern people have a right to their interests as well as the people of the North ; therefore, a compromise ought to be made that would give to the South their just proportion of the territory belonging now to all the States. If we will let this be established, I hope the States will be again united.

I will now present the remedy for all of our troubles. Be patient, and I *will* explain. Let the friends of freedom follow up the 'good *idea*' established just forty-one years ago—I mean the colonization of the African race established in Liberia in Africa, in 1821. This is regarded as a most successful experiment for civilizing Africa. *Successful in one main point of view*, it established beyond doubt or cavil, the possibility of our American negroes becoming so *acclimated* that they can live and flourish in Africa if they have a chance. The Colonization Society have done well, considering the meagre help that they have had. If every one that feels themselves the friends of freedom had co-operated with them, the results would have been far in advance of what they are now. If the free negroes were enlightened as to the advantages that they could have in a pecuniary, as well as in a social and national point of view, it would doubtless encourage them to put their own shoulders to the wheel, instead of calling on Hercules to assist them. If they could only get the *idea*, and act with all the energy that they are capable of, they could build up a nation in Africa as glorious as ours once was. There is certainly as much room for them there as there is here. True, that country is possessed, or occupied rather, by savage tribes ; but they would have the moral right of an enlightened people, to spread civilization and Christianity over all their race, even if they should exterminate some stubborn tribes with the chopper's axe and rifle, as our pioneer settlers did. Enlightened negroes are needed in Africa all the time now, to

teach school and fill offices of government, and so are the negroes that have a knowledge of mechanical trades and agriculture. These last branches of industry are as valuable to civilization as "book learning." One cannot exist to any great degree of perfection without the other. The African race are better constituted by nature to civilize Africa than the Anglo Saxon, and I believe it is *their duty* to do it. And I believe also, that if they would make an energetic effort with that end in view, that they would get help ; but it is hard to help a people that do not try to help themselves. Just let them make a start, and I do not believe that there is hardly a white man, woman or child, in all the Free States, that would refuse to give the very last half dollar that they could possibly spare, just to see them go. And when once established in Africa, with the genius of civilization and of Liberty presiding over them, they could soon supply the world with cotton, with indigo, and with coffee and spices. These great staples can be raised there at comparatively trifling cost, and would soon do away with the *necessity* for slavery in our Southern States, and as soon as the necessity is abolished, slavery will cease to exist. But the world *will have cotton*, and the negro will have to contribute in some way to the demand, for his physical organization is suited to the land where cotton grows.

I do not think the negro's case is hopeless. Their forefathers were brought to our shores when they were savages, and the race would not go away empty. They will have borrowed our form of government, our civilization, and above all, they can take with them the pure religion of Jesus Christ, which is richer far than all the jewels the Hebrews borrowed of the Egyptians. They would not cross the Red Sea by a miracle, but the God of Heaven would be with His people, and, sustained by His Almighty power, they could make the sea so red that the slave ships will never dare to follow.



It is true that all this would interfere with the prices of some of the productions now raised in this our country, but it would be a mere reversion of trade, that could not come otherwise than gradually, and would give time to guard against dire calamity.

The African ships, freighted with rich cargoes for our ports, could carry back our produce. They could also *redeem* their people, and from time to time could take them home. And while this is going on, I would say to my fellow citizens, that our revolutionary fathers gave us the very best kind of government that could possibly be formed out of the materials from which they were forced to make it. Let us adhere to our form of government, which gives us all the liberty that mortals can have—that is, to do as we please; “provided, we please to do right.” Let the American people understand, that if any portion of the machinery of our government be taken away, the whole structure will be rendered useless for any great civilized purpose.

These sentiments have for a long time been the hope of my life, and to this subject I intend to devote all the energies of my brief existence. I may accomplish nothing except the proud consciousness of having endeavored to do my duty to my race. This consciousness may be deemed a poor affair, but no political station in the gift of the people is rich enough to buy it. As yet, I have said and done but little. By the force of adverse circumstances I have been tied down here in the mines, in an isolated condition, where I could not lay my hand on statistical information needed in these views, and have heretofore been afraid to say anything, lest I might make some blunder so egregious that my words would have no weight. But the time has come when the current of popular opinion ought to be directed to something besides “doting about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings.” Do not think me so

inflated as to imagine that I can turn the current of popular opinion. O, no! I merely urge our men of learning, our men and women of talent, to investigate this subject, to see if these things cannot be brought about. Will not the old saw of "where there is a will there is a way," hold good? *I love my Country, and I love my race, and hereby throw myself into the widening breach, though I pass for an Idiot all the balance of my days.*

Do not say, that because the British Government emancipated her negro slaves, that our Government can do the same, and leave them in our land. The strong reins of the British Government are in the hands of the nobility, and are handed down to their immediate posterity from generation unto generation, and there is not the remotest danger of the African ever wearing the diadem of England. And if we would not have the curses of our posterity upon our names, we will not hand our Government to the African. Tell me, my dear, infatuated countryman, wherever you are, and whoever you be, by all the holy pride for the purity of race that you possess in your own offspring, has not the experiment of amalgamation with the negro been tried often enough to convince you that it is worse than a failure? I pause for a reply.

And you, my friend and fellow mortal [I am speaking to the negro now], do you not feel a pride just as pure and just as holy in that sable cherub of a baby that your wife, its mother, fondles to her heart? And would not your own heart thrill with a joy unspeakable to see him (although you might be old) become a "bright star," a worthy representative of a free and happy people? *Every people, worthy of a name, through all time, who have felt themselves oppressed in the country where they lived, if they could not overcome the oppression of the land, they would flee into another, and by their united effort would establish what their wisdom deemed the right!* You cannot elevate your race until you dig away the dirt and place them on a safe



foundation, *solid enough to support the calm, undisturbed, and holy dignity of a great nation.* And there is a land of Canaan for you ; it flows with milk and honey ; its rivers gently murmur over sands of gold ; its roses bloom forever, and its verdure never dies. There you can gather wealth, aye, opulence around you, that will give you comforts when your locks are grey, when your trembling step goes tottering to the tomb. "Dost like the picture?" My spirit, hopeful, says you do. Build then unto your God an altar there, and thereon consecrate all the energies of your lives, and with all your latest breath you *will sound the jubilee !*

The people of New England, by patiently following up the one Idea (which is, by the way, the vital *principle* of good government), became rich and powerful from the sales of timber of their forests ; from the sales of the granite rock of their hills, and even from selling the very *ice* that froze in their rivers ! Is it then unreasonable to suppose that you might make a little something out of your almost inexhaustible supplies of gold dust, cam wood and ivory ? This vulgar little business, called making a living by the sweat of the brow, was saddled on to man because he fell, and every race of men will either have to go to work, or die, in order to make room for those that will work. So you need not hesitate about going to Africa, from the mere fear of hurting the very sensitive (?) feelings of some wild, he, savage nigger, that has never done a lick of work in all his life !

And if you wait until the "white folks" grease your feet with butter, and strew your path with roses, just to make your exodus go sweet and easy, you will never go at all. Some strong tyrant will reach out his hand and take that country. Then your race will be in slavery forever, and freedom in the world will die. Would not a lifetime be well spent that would give to Africa a glorious nation, where bloody deeds of dark tradition reigneth

now almost supreme ? I am sanguine that it can be done, and when 'tis done, it will bring peace and good will to man. Then southeastward let the colored "Star of Empire take its way !" I am no statesman, and cannot look with eye prophetic far adown the stream of time, but let this come to pass, and I believe that our historians a thousand years from now, while jotting down the doings of the world, will say, that when the journeyman Republic, Uncle Sam, set up business for himself, that he (Uncle Sam) had an apprentice ; when this apprentice had learned civilization, the arts and sciences, and also Christianity and self-government, that he (the apprentice) moved across the way and set up business also. And up to this date, 2862, Uncle Sambo has proved to be about as good a workman as the fellow that was once his boss.

But, alas ! if we go drifting as we have done, from bad to worse, for the last few years, I fear that we will have no historians of our own a thousand years from now. The ruins of a few unfinished monuments will be all that is left of ours, to tell the world that we were an aspiring people. I will not dwell upon the picture.

I intended to address the following letter to a prominent unconditional emancipationist, but as I intend to be in the Union army in a few weeks (as soon as I can get to the seat of war), I will withdraw the name, and carry on the argument with an imaginary opponent :

O, ho, Mr. — —, you still urge the unconditional abolishment of slavery. I want to argue that question with you, because I think that you are a fine sturdy old fellow that will stand up to what you have been preaching, just as long as you have a leg to stand upon, and when you are convinced that you are wrong, I think that you will give it up like a man ought to. And besides all this,

"Death loves a shining mark," and so does O. P. Mitchell. I can give you "Nigger" until he sours on your stomach. I am not modest either ; I can handle him without gloves, and you will not be compelled to take him in any broken doses ; I can give him to you whole ! But I will not abuse you now. With my left hand, that is nearest to my heart, I offer you the olive branch of peace, and say, my brother, come and let us reason together. I will say to the world, for you, that human wisdom, with all its experience, with all its learning, and with all its God-like grandeur, is at last a finite concern, forever making blunders and "groping in the dark." No matter how pure the intent and conscience may be, the man may still be wrong.

I have not read any of your speeches lately, but will suppose that you have dwelt on the impossibility of the negroes emigrating to Africa. Do you recollect the Puritan Fathers ? I suppose, not distinctly. Please refresh your memory with their history. I will cite you to a case a little nearer home : Did you ever see the Mormon Pilgrims ? I suppose you have not. I have seen them. They had been very poor in their native land, yet they had found their way across the sea, and more than that, they had traveled more than a thousand miles through a thickly settled country ; and when I saw them, they were on our western plains. With bare and bleeding feet, they toiled through burning sand. They were men and women, even delicate females among them, that dragged a handcart with her provisions and her baby in it—moved them slowly onward to the land of promise. I am glad that with my own eyes I saw them, for I deemed it the most vivid picture that history ever drew. Not the less beautiful from the mere fact that these pilgrims were mistaken, but beautiful, from the fact that it exhibited a *firm trust* to God, and to earth, a holy independence. Here was energy worthy of a better cause, and the negro has a better

cause. He will have less of trial, less of danger, more facilities, and a holier reward. But the Mormon cry at Deseret is "still they come ;" not like the mighty hurricane, leaving ruin in their track, but like the slow and gentle rains of summer, that gives to man the harvest. And here, let me observe, that if we do not get a railroad, in order to spread our own civilization, that Mormon colony at great Salt Lake will be our next *big* question.

You have possibly said, that you believed that the prejudice against the negro will after a while die away. I do not think it ever will. I am not "posted" as to your habits in private life, but presume that they are nearly the same as other gentlemen who advocate the same doctrine. When I asked those men why they did not go to the negroes' tea parties, as part of the company? why they did not give their daughters to them in marriage? why they did not call at their houses while passing on their circuits, and have prayers? why they did not visit and "set up" with them in sickness, and equalize, and encourage them to equalize themselves in all the social relations in life? the answer would invariably be : that people have a right to pick their friends from taste and inclination, and that it was not their *taste* to associate with negroes. Now, it is plain that you too are prejudiced against the negro, and your children, when you are dead, believing that you, in your lifetime were a good man and a Christian, will follow the example of *taste* that you left behind you. So will their children, and their children's children, on down to the end of the chapter. And you are not the only people that have this refined *taste*. It is a general thing with all white people ; even the most ultra abolitionists that I ever saw, had more or less of this same taste. "*Verily, I say unto you,*" the negro that builds up hopes of social elevation with the white man, and expects to mix himself in with him, is a fool, and knoweth not what hurts him ! Now, suppose that you could make amalgamation fashion-

able, what sort of government do you propose to establish to protect that coming race? Take a glance at palsied Mexico and answer, if you can. The very mudsills of Mexico quarrel from daylight until dark, never stopping long enough to build a school house or to make a plough. Day after day, do they quarrel on the mere disgusting question of which one is the whitest. O! you say, that they are a poor, ignorant and priest-ridden people. Perhaps that's so. And it is well for their lives that this is true, for I do not think that anything except a blind superstition, in itself a bar to progress, can sway any such a people. And even that is poor security, as the dagger which every Mexican carries, most painfully attests. Even at their social parties (las fandangos), the least excitement will show you that the Mexican considers his lengthy butcher's knife to be his best and truest friend. God save my country from such a state of things. And the cause of this state of things is plain. People are sensitive on the subject of their extraction, and when they are of a mongrel race, they expect some slur to be thrown at them; the undercurrent of their nature becomes full of malice, hatred, envy, treachery and its long train of evils, until their nature is at war with itself and mankind. Please go into a neighborhood of mulattoes, study the undercurrent of their feelings, and see if you can't discover this same state of things. And I think the reason of the Almighty for being so particular to have the Jews to preserve their race in purity, was to have them avoid dissensions, and become a strong band of brothers.

And permit me to inform you that people do not of necessity have to be poor and ignorant, in order to be easily humbugged and priest-ridden. I could point you to communities who are educated, enlightened and refined, that are also priest-ridden, though they have a golden saddle on. You have dwelt heavily on the wrongs and horrors that are perpetrated under the peculiar institution. I am



willing to admit that the names of its wrongs are legion ; but let us look at that with calmness. The master has capital invested in the slave, under and in accordance to the laws of the land. The faithful, trusty slave, does not get punished by any reasonable man or woman. The rebellious get punished for crimes and offences, but never for "mere amusement." The little white boy gets punished frequently for offences that he does not learn at home. He has gathered errors from play-fellows ; these play-fellows have gathered from an older source, and that source is remote from the hearth-stone of the little boy. But the mother feels that her child must be corrected, lest he goes on from bad to worse, until he brings ruin on himself and sorrow to her own death-bed. She corrects her own child, and hopes that other mothers will do as much for their children. And there may be, and I think there are cases, where the slave gets punished when he or she has done no wrong at all. But the monster of inhumanity that perpetrated that cruelty would, doubtless, in the fury of his passion, maim his child, beat his wife, or curse his mother. The community in which he lives frown down such things, however, and their laws would always punish the rascal, were it not that he sometimes manages to evade the law, from the fact that human law is not omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent. But God will attend to all these isolated cases that we are impotent to reach. He will not look upon sin with allowance ; He will punish iniquity wherever He finds it, and will place the lashes exactly where they are deserved.

I am a Northern man, and it has not been my fortune to travel in the Southern States. I have been in Kentucky however, and can tell what a Kentuckian is made of. In my intercourse with different communities and nations of the world, I have observed that by taking ten or twenty individuals that were governed by any set of laws, customs, or institutions, and studying their peculiarities, I

get a good idea of the whole community or nation to which they belong, and I am satisfied that Kentucky entertains feelings and sentiments similar to those entertained by the other slave States. Now, I did not find the Kentuckian the monster of cruelty that has been described for a slaveholder. At his home I found him a man of extreme kindness; in fact, I thought he possessed a heart almost too big for any man to carry. He would as lief lose his good right hand as to lose his old and faithful servant; and when he is compelled to sell a good slave, he takes pains to go around to all his neighbors, in fact, canvasses the country sometimes, in order that the slave may pass into a comfortable home. But the peculiar institution is not so very profitable in all places, and the good old Kentuckians are sometimes prostrated by the "pressure of the times." And not from extravagance, for the old farmers of Kentucky are plain and simple in their habits, but from their willingness to stand security for others in trying times, coupled with their own private misfortunes. And in these cases the true Kentuckian does not apply for the "benefit," but bares his bosom to the storm. Then, when the edict from the court, in the hands of the Sheriff, informs him that all is lost, then all his pets must go. The day of sale approaches; he tells the slaves the worst, and they bid farewell to their "old Kentucky home." Does he follow after them, and "grin with fiendish laugh" at their sorrow? O, no. He draws the old familiar chair, that was once his own, nearer to the hearth-stone, that was once his own, which the old female domestic, notwithstanding her own heavy sorrow, did not forget to sweep clean for him before she went away, and with bowed head and folded hands, he weeps dry anguish from a broken heart, that will carry his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave.

But let us hasten to the scene of the "slave pen" and auctioneer's hammer. The rude details of the examination are nearly over and the sale commences, and out pops the

evidences of Christian sentiments and feelings that twine around the negro's heart. I am glad the negro has these sentiments and feelings. They are a mighty hope for them to build upon, and besides, it is this that has furnished nearly all the pathos for many pretty novels and hisfalutin speeches. But where did he get these sentiments and feelings? Did he inherit them from Africa? The inhuman butcheries of an African king, who affects to believe that his father was some akin to God, and therefore, when he happened to die, he felt in duty bound to to go to work and murder two thousand people—and the idiotic stupidity with which these natives walk up and meet their fate—tells you in *earthquake tones of thunder*, that he did not get them there. Nor did he obtain Christian sentiments and feelings by any free good will of his own. *He obtained them simply as the little boy obtained the itch—just from where it was!!* God knows that I am willing that the good negro should be free. But I want him to have a freedom that is worthy of the name. I am sick and tired of seeing him kicked about our towns and cities, like a mangy cur with a brass collar on—wearing the name of freedom, and at the same time being denied its high, holy and progressive power. And by all means, I wish him to obtain his freedom honorably. Riches obtained by fraud and force, are a curse to their possessor; but to the good man, who has positively earned them, they are indeed a blessing. And if the negro will commence to build in the sure foundation of his own nationality, I am confident that he will get his freedom just as fast as it is possible for him to salt it down in order to preserve it. Freedom is not a gaudy bauble, to be given to a spoiled and wayward child. It is a gem of rarest value, easily broken, easily lost. How easily lost, our history is liable to tell. And if lost in this dark world of ours, it will be hard to find again.

The negro has been placed into our hands; we may mould him to a noble purpose. And it would be well for

him and us if we mould him to usefulness, as "the potter does the clay," rather than to put into his hands a dagger that will stab us to the heart. But perhaps you depend upon the Missionary cause to spread light, peace, prosperity and happiness. The Missionary cause does good, but I can show you that it is insufficient. Did you ever see a regular heathen? I don't suppose you ever did. I have seen a heathen—without looking in a glass. And if you have never seen a heathen, it will be hard for you to understand how confoundedly ignorant he absolutely is. I can draw his picture, and "paint him as he is." I would remark, that although we find the heathen degraded as low as it is possible for a human being to be, that perhaps he sprang from ancestors (a long time back) that made considerable pretensions to civilization; for we find remains of monuments and utensils, the tokens of advancement, almost all over the world. That shows that there has been at some time or times, a great concentration of purpose and unity of action. But perhaps these ancestors became corrupted with ambition, surfeited with prosperity, and "fell out" about some quibble, and went to fighting amongst themselves; kept it up until they were weakened and divided into many tribes; the tribes kept it up from traditionary prejudice until they were fattened by ignorance and indolence.

But we are after the heathen. Let us see what he is. In the first place, Man knows but little except what he learns. His instinct is not as good as the instinct of the brute, and *naturally*, he is the most helpless creature in the world. Hence, the necessity for his being formed into nations, for men cannot stand alone.

Now, for the Missionary business. A young man, with a good constitution, is picked out and sent to school or college four years. He then practices as minister of the Gospel two years. His talents stand the test, and money is raised, and he is started off to Africa, or some other

seaport. He finds the beautiful (?) heathen ; but the heathens are at first afraid of him, because he is a white man, and the heathens imagine, perhaps, that the white "feller" in black clothes, "tumbled out of the moon the last time it fell to pieces," and make up their minds that he will not do to "tie to." The patient missionary ingratiates himself into their favor in the course of time, and then begins to learn the heathen language, which is a series of grunts, a conglomeration of strange noises, extremely difficult for a cultivated voice to utter. But in time, the missionary makes some progress, and begins to teach the heathen that there is light. After he has made some little impression, he endeavors to teach him that he may enjoy that light, giving small lessons at a time ; and when he teaches him one thing, he (the heathen) forgets the other (because he has no practical illustrations at hand to show him) ; and after he has spent about eight years of his life (including years of preparation) in the cause, he awakens to the disagreeable reflection that his first pet heathen knows just a little *less*, if possible, than he did when he first commenced with him. He has arrived at the crisis in which he (the heathen) seems tee-totally "flabbergasted," bewildered and confused—so much so, that it seems that he cannot understand. Verily, I say unto you : The labors of the missionary are weighty, and his perquisites in nice fried chicken are "beautifully less," but he perseveres, however, and as soon as he succeeds in making the light dawn on one heathen mind, others, somehow (from sympathy), learn very fast, and in about ten years he gets up a revival. O ! the wild big joy that fills his honest heart, when he sends the letters containing the glad news of his successes home ! There is a big joy at the hearth-stone of his early home also. His friends spread the news of his great success, and the next thing that the patient missionary knows, in comes a ship's crew of rollicking sailors, who teach his pet heathen to disregard the very things and principles

which he has struggled so long and so hard to establish. Then it is that the "dog returns to his vomit, and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire." And you might as well cast your pearls before the swine (and Jesus told you not to), as to depend entirely and altogether on the Missionary cause to successfully spread Christianity and civilization over Africa. It will do as a voice crying in the wilderness, but something must come after it, more powerful and mighty. As it now is, it is almost a waste of philanthropy, because the hopeful conversion of a single heathen is obtained at a cost sufficient to save one hundred of our own young white females from the poverty that leads to the crime of prostitution—a crime in its details so full of crying misery, that the darkest minded heathen would turn from it away.

But let large communities of negroes go into Africa (and settle on the same principle, as far as practicable, that William Penn introduced to Pennsylvania), and commence building homes, cultivating the soil, and, in fact, carrying on a national government, with school houses, churches, and accumulating wealth of comforts, and the scene changes. The dusky heathen will be astonished at the wonders they perform. They will see that they are men and women like unto themselves. The settlers treat them kindly, and they will cluster around them to see the curiosities of civilized life. The native women soon learn to dress up a little; the native children will learn from the settlers' children to build playhouses, miniature mills, fences, and all that sort of thing, and all of them will make progress towards learning the *settlers'* language. That much accomplished, the children and women will begin to learn to work—(the grave, grown men don't learn to work so soon, however; in fact, it is hard to teach the great big men of any country anything). When, and as they are learning to work, they can teach them about the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and the balance of civiliza-

tion will be added unto them. Under these regulations, you will find that in about ten years the settlers have spread civilization beyond calculation.

But, perhaps, you will say that the negro has not got the energy to put all these things through. It is my opinion that you do not know very much about the negro. I think that the negro is partially undeveloped, and no wonder ; we have never given him a hope, a truly holy hope. But as he is, he is a human being, and takes a pride in being good looking, in his way. He does not kill himself because he happens to be black, and will love liberty as well as anybody else, when he finds that he can have the genuine article. [I believe it to be impossible for any intelligent negro to love the bogus liberty that the ultra, unconditional abolitionists are attempting to sell him.] And, therefore, I think, if he had a *hope*, that it is possible for him to work wonders as well as other people. No one ever rose to greatness without a mighty hope. And there is nothing in this life that will nourish just ambition and build up energy, so well as hope. I have seen a country changed from a wilderness into a high state of cultivation, with the luxuries of orchards, vineyards, churches, school houses, railroads, steamboats, large cities, fine towns, talented ladies, big men, turnpike roads, stages, fast horses, and all that sort of thing, in just eleven years. And it was all the result of a well-founded hope. And the negro can have a hope, brighter to him and as well founded as California ever was to us. And there is the Chinaman, who has no pretensions to civilization, compared with our cultivated negroes. But they manage to travel here by thousands, with only half a hope. Yes, he the Joss-fearing Chinaman, quietly steals away our wealth, goes away when he pleases, and leaves nothing behind him to pay for the benefits received. He leaves a nasty slime behind him, very much like that the snail left behind it, which had assisted it to stick to earth. I suppose the celestial

sages borrowed the idea of the Chinese Wall from the snail ; approach one of them with kind intentions even, and he will haul in his horns, and—but I will speak of this some other day, as soon as I get time. It all goes to show that folks can travel when they want to ; when they set their heads together with determination, they are liable to go.

Perhaps, you say it is sickly in Africa, and that the negro would be likely to die. Well, he is sure to die sometime anyhow, "and the noblest place for man to die, is where he dies for man." And besides, you say that the barbarous tribes would be apt to make war upon them. No nation ever rose to greatness on "flowery beds of ease." "There is no excellence without great labor." Our fathers endured trials, harder than any the negro may have to endure. In the biting frosts of winter, one man stood sentinel whilst the balance went to pray. They had their Schenectady and Wyoming, too. More than this, they braved the displeasure of the then strongest Government on earth, and triumphed over all. "The secret of this great success was seen at Valley Forge, where George Washington had left the prints of his knees upon the snow." Even Jesus Christ himself, the righteous, came into these low grounds of sorrow, and with the light of good example from the cradle to the grave, and with words of purest wisdom, laid the plan of redemption—which the world has almost forgotten—to fallen man ; to "the Jew first, and also to the Gentile." I am willing to admit that the negro has sensitive feelings as well as we. I am willing to admit that the good negro is a good man, and that it is not right that he should be treated too harshly or too roughly, and that it will be a trial for him to establish his magnificent independence. But a few, or even many trials, does not excuse him from an attempt at nationality. For I am not willing to admit that with all his good qualities, he is any better than Jesus Christ, or



my forefathers were. And the negro must show me conclusively that he is competent to stand on the pure merits of his own nationality, before I will condescend to walk in the mud and give him the sidewalk, to eat with him, sleep with him, &c. And I say this just as much from conscientious scruples as I do from taste. The tens of thousands of half famished white men, women and children, all over Europe, and also in America, who are clinging to the willows of civilization, tell me that it is now time that the vast resources of Africa were being developed.

God, in His providence, has so ordered things and nature, that white people cannot very easily inhabit Africa; but the negro can. I have practical experience enough to know that civilized people of the same nature can live and flourish where the barbarian exists. The per cent. is in favor of civilization. Enlightened people can live and flourish by thousands, and upon the selfsame amount of territory where a few hundreds of savages would almost starve. And the natives of Africa are not taken down with the fever so badly after all; they stand their climate better than we do ours. And suppose that our American negroes were in some measure met with the contagion; who could live in our own Florida at the commencement? Not very many; but now, Florida opened up to civilization, is a different affair. Almost anybody can live in Florida now, that wants to, and it is hoped that every coming year will make it still healthier. But you say that the General Government is not able, and is not willing to furnish money for the purpose of transporting our negroes to Africa. I will astonish you by saying that progress does not wish General Government, or any other General, to bother in this affair. Progress wishes to do a wholesale civilization business, and all it asks of General Government, is toleration—nothing more. I can show you that the millions of dollars that have been spent

upon the suppression of the African slave trade, is almost money thrown away, from the simple reason that the plan is wrong.

[It may be well enough for me to assert, that just now, I am at home upon my subject ; in fact, it has been the study of my life. I have seen the practical workings of Colonization in its infancy ; I have seen it in its sturdy manhood ; and O, my God ! I have seen it at the verge of its early grave. I have weighed it all, from the cradle to the grave. The balances I weighed upon are small indeed, but the weights that I have used are sealed weights ; sealed with the blood of Jesus !! And you will find, before I leave you, that no *rust* of prejudice bears down on either side.]

The true principles of planting nations are as plain and simple as the rules for planting Indian corn. The man who has been born and bred in a large city, though he be really learned on many subjects, if he has no practical knowledge of farming, does not know much about planting corn ; notwithstanding, he may be a learned minister of the Gospel. And if he takes a notion to go to farming, he is apt to hire some foreign gardner, and make nothing at the business. If I were to advise in the planting of either, I would advise them to plant it in quantities in a field, and in the best ground ; and I would plant *germs*, not rotten corn. When it commenced to grow, I would advise cultivation ; weeds and vices should be taken away. And I would not have Uncle Sam paying "*constables*" about one million of dollars annually for the purpose of gathering the wild green corn (that had been taken from an adjoining forest), and smothering down the growing corn.

Any one can see now, how impotent that process has been to reach the desired end. And from these reasons. The slave ship is fitted out under a disguise difficult to see

into, and there is a bounty given to the war vessel that captures *cargoes of negroes*. Now, anybody knows that if no slave ship was permitted to go up them rivers, in order to buy cargoes of negroes, that there would not be any *cargoes of negroes to capture and get a bounty on*. That arrangement carries a temptation to dishonesty along with it. I do not say that anybody has been dishonest, but I do say, that it is best not to "lay temptations in the path of youth." And you are not left without a remedy. I also believe that the African slave trade ought to be abolished. "On the first day of January, 1808, Thomas Jefferson being President of the United States, the importation of slaves became unlawful and criminal."

I would suggest the propriety of planting colonies. Let them be strong enough to stand right under the noses of the outrageous African kings who sell their prisoners of war. Their fortifications with heavy guns would be sufficient to blow a slaver into the "middle of next week." But if that is not exactly possible, it would be well enough to have a law (if we have none already to cover the case) that would make the purchasing of wild, imported negroes a fineable offence. A man need not be mistaken in the purchase of these negroes. Such negroes as they bring here, I presume, do not speak the English language fluently. They could be found out, and the penalty for the offence might be rated so high that the offence would not pay. And everybody knows that if the slaver had no place to sell his cargo, he would quit the business. This would stop the slave trade to our shore, at least, and I do not know that we are directly responsible for the acts and crimes of other civilized nations. We can teach them by example, and our "actions will speak louder than words." And I will give my reasons why I think that the slave trade ought to be stopped. If you will notice, the whole tenor of the Bible (and I know no higher law) teaches that we have no right to take human life, excepting in the

emergency of where it stands directly in the way of progress. The slave trade has been carried on at a fearful loss of life. And it may be necessary for me to explain this passage of Scripture :

Both thy bondmen and bondmaids which thou shalt have *shall be* of the heathen that are around about you : of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids.

Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall be your possession.

And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession ; and they shall be your bondmen forever ; but over your brethren, the children of Israel, ye shall not rule one over another with rigor.

¶ And if a sojourner or stranger wax rich by thee, and thy brother that dwelleth by him wax poor, and sell himself unto the stranger or sojourner by thee, or to the stock of the stranger's family ;

After that he is sold he may be redeemed again : one of his brethren may redeem him ;

Either his uncle or his uncle's son may redeem him, or *any* that is nigh of kin unto him of his family may redeem him ; or if he be able he may redeem himself.

And he shall reckon with him that bought him from the year that he was sold to him until the year of jubilee ; and the price of his sale shall be according to the number of years according to the time of an hired servant, shall it be with him.

If there be yet many years behind, according unto them he shall give again the price of his redemption out of the money that he was bought for.

And if there remain but few years unto the year of jubilee, then he shall count with him, and according unto his years shall he give him again the price of his redemption.

And as a yearly hired servant shall it be with him ; and the other shall not rule with rigor over him in thy sight.

For unto me the children of Israel are my servants whom I brought forth out of the land of Egypt : I am the Lord thy God.

Now, this passage of Holy Writ seems to me to be as plain as condensed language can be ; and I would not think that it *did* require a commentary at my hands, were it not that public opinion is so confused that it cannot see hardly anything ! It teaches this : 1st, To preserve nationality ; because, if nationality be destroyed, the *power* of people to do good will be destroyed also. 2d, And in order that civilization might spread from one nation to another, the heathen, or rather the stranger or sojourner, was permitted to buy the poor Jew when too poor to take

care of himself. And the Jew was permitted to buy the heathen under the same circumstances. The Jew was permitted to buy his brother back again from bondage, and was entitled to his brother's labor or services seven years, in consideration of the money invested in that purchase (that is, he counted by the usual wages paid to yearly hired servants, and when his brother had worked to the amount that he had advanced for his liberty, he, the brother, was free).

God does not ask one man to impoverish himself in order to give another man great benefits. He wants all men to stand on their own foundations, and will judge them by their individual merits or demerits. Under the new Dispensation, all nations of people are entitled equally to be the servants of God. But the minds of savage tribes require to be awakened and prepared before you can convert them. Do you actually think that the natives of Africa are capable, at present, of taking care of themselves? *I know they are not.* The world has been trying to take care of Africa for a good many years, and a "bloody fist" we have made of it, *haven't we?* Now we—that is, my friend and myself (my friend has traveled in Africa)—happen to know something about Africa, but do not choose to tell all we know about the resources of Africa, lest, peradventure, the richness of Africa's resources might be the means of defeating the very object that progress has in view. But we can say this much, however. Our steady, moral, civilized and cultivated American negroes *can go to Africa*. They can get land for almost nothing. By tilling the soil, they can raise cotton, rice, indigo, sugar cane and coffee, very cheaply, for they can have the services of the natives at low rates. The proceeds of the business of an industrious man can be made to amount to \$1,500 or \$2,000 per annum, clear of his expenses. He could then redeem his friend or brother from American bondage. The profits on the labor of a



few American negroes would make him rich. They could have their years of jubilee in less than every seven years, if they wished. They would need American negroes to help them to civilize the savages ; to awe them into a sort of subjection, so that they could teach them by kindness what they, the natives, ought to know. And by patiently working in this way, they can free our country from slavery in fifty years.

But the somnambulist upon the precipice must be awakened by degrees. We must awaken our countrymen, while our own hearts thrill with horror. That seems to you like a strange dream, doesn't it? All right; we are getting along bravely, and will not say anything more about the prospects of Africa at present, for I have a little compass that will lead to success. It says just this : with God, all things are possible ; without God, there is nothing possible. Without God, my friend, we have not even the merest myth of *ignis fatuus* light to guide our spirits through the surrounding gloom. But, with God, we have the man Christ Jesus, who is willing and is able to guide us through this gloomy vale of sorrow where the cold dark river flows, and where death unto us comes. He will give to us the anchor, Hope, that reacheth far beyond the vail, and gather us to joys eternal—too joyous, vast and brilliant, for our now imperfect Spirits to even think about.

But you think this process of getting rid of slavery rather slow, and say, many good negroes will never get their freedom in this life. Well, it is still a question for little boys, in their first efforts at debating schools, whether the enjoyment is greatest in the pursuit or in the possession of any stated happiness. I do not know that sages have settled that exactly. I think there is happiness in both. And after all, "a distant lamplight is an incident in such a den as this." I do not say why it is that God visits the children with punishments for the sins of the fathers, but I do say, that it is better for the fathers

to commit no sins for which the children will get punished. I will also say, that God in His goodness never left His erring creatures without a remedy for all the ills and accidents in life. Even Moses, the meek, the true and faithful, was not permitted to dwell in the land of Canaan. But his eyes did not grow dim with age ; he stood upon a hill, and looking over Jordan, saw the beauties of the land that his people would inhabit. So can the aged negro stand upon the hill of Zion, and with an eye of faith, that age will make the brighter, see the beauties of the land where his loved people go. If he possesses the pure religion of Jesus, he will be rich indeed, and having food and raiment, will therewith be content.

But, perhaps, you still "lay the flattering unction of error to your soul." And in order to condense the thirty millions of arguments that crowd around me, urging to be placed upon this paper, I am driven to assertion. I have not spent fifteen years of my life in toil and travel, covered up in poverty and blest obscurity, for nothing, and I feel that I am right. Good fortune placed into my hands the needed information that makes "assurance doubly sure," a few days ago. I know and see the fearful consequences of bearing false witness in the world, and would not wilfully do it for ten thousand worlds like this. I am a young man, with a constitution strong like iron. And I possess a *will*, to which iron is a parody, and not a comparison, for it need not quail before a shadow, though the world may call it man. I have a light before me, and if permitted, can do a vast amount of work. This is my entry into public life, and name and fame seems very dear to me. I am pledged before the world and devoted to the cause. Please take my advice for ten years only, until I can show you that this thing will work. Then, if I fail, you can wreak your vengeance on me. And for fear that you would not make your vengeance strong enough to suit your taste, I will even dictate for you.

You can then destroy before my eyes all the words that I have written, and take my name off of the book of time ; then you can hang me to a tree until I am dead ! dead !! dead !!! Cut me down when I am cold, place my body on a butcher's block, cut it up in little pieces, so that all my enemies may have a slice of it, to *assure* them that I *assuredly* am dead ! Then, if they wish to preserve the morsel as an heirloom in their families, they can put it into empty strychnine bottles and pour in rot-gut whisky, which does not agree with me in life—or any other social horror that may be hidden in the womb of time, that has heretofore been far too big with *anquished misery*, for even the outraged Arab, with the light he had before him, to study and invent. And more than this, you may save my very hairs (and I am a hairy man), to cast them into any bitter waters that I may create, and with the stewed up essence of the concentrated magic of your hate, change them into fiery, flying serpents, to chase my tired soul over all the dreary sea of darkness, into any pandemonium that the malice of your hatred can even pray me into.

Now, you imagine, perhaps, that I am some sort of a new-fangled preacher. If you do, you are mistaken. I am not a member of any Church. I did join a Church in the days of my youth, and read the Bible in those days ; but notwithstanding that, I wandered from the fold. But I humbly hope and trust, that although I have lost the form of religion, that I have not lost the pure spirit of the teachings of the Savior. I am aware that the form, without the spirit, is worse than nothing ; and I am also aware that the spirit, without the form, is robbed of much of its heavy powers. I believe that all mankind ought to belong to the Christian Church ; but I cannot tell you from conviction what particular denomination is right in all its views. I see good men, and I think, Christians, in every denomination, and as long as they do not outrage the very principles that they attempt to teach, I must respect them



all. At present, I am working under the words of Him that spoke as man hath never spoken, when he said to his disciple: "Forbid him not, for they that are not against us are for us." "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Ah! my friend, while sitting here at midnight hour, in the fastness of our own Sierras, 'neath the shadows of the pines, the east wind moaning through their branches, wailing sorrow to my soul—I think I feel how fearful a thing it is to take even faint glimpses of the Almighty God without having the soothing influence of His Holy Spirit in the soul, to give pause and balance to the grandeur of it all. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Pray for me, good people, everywhere, that I may hunger now. I would not give my Bible for Blackstone's "Common-taters," or Webster "on-a-bridge" (I adopt the burlesqued words, as conveying some idea of how insignificant the words of men are, compared to the works of God). For if we had not possessed the Bible first, we would not have had a Blackstone or a Webster either. And if this little boat should live upon the agitated sea of time, it will say to my countrymen in the far-distant future: When questions agitate the country and war is the result, lay aside the prejudices of books and authors, but do not lay aside the Bible, for, by carefully perusing its pages, you can find wisdom to settle all the disturbances in life. You may not find it all at once, but "here a little and there a little, and in all enough to make you wise unto salvation."

These discoveries that I am endeavoring to exhibit, were made by my being placed where I could not enjoy the luxury of too many books. Study the laws of Nature, the laws of God, the laws of your existence, and of the existence of your race; weigh your studies with and by your reason, and you will be enabled to walk in safety on

a shore where man hath never trod before. And remember this, from the Bard of Avon :

"Study is like the Sun,  
That will not be deeply searched with saucy looks,  
Little have continual plodders ever won,  
Save base authority from authors books."

I am satisfied that the hardest man "upon the top of dirt" to convince of error, is the extreme opposite of the degraded and benighted heathen. I mean the really highly cultivated, highly learned and highly civilized man ; more especially if his ability and talent be extremely large. He has commenced when he was young, and has built upon what he deemed to be a sure foundation (a foundation that some one else has given him, perhaps) ; he has weighed every word that he has uttered ; has compared notes with other heavy men ; he feels sure that he is right. Then his eloquence draws many friends around him ; thousands join his cause and rally round his standard. These converts to his cause build a wall of egotism around him, of masonry so solid, that your well-directed arrows of conviction will not reach his heart. There he sits, a giant on earth, and from his masked port-holes, will blaze away with his heavy artillery of books, authors, precedents, &c., from his citadel within, and sweep the plain at any point around him. And if we succeed in bearing down the fire from the port-holes, and go up close to make an escalade, he will belch up from an embittered stomach, a stench too sickening for a decent man to bear. The fact is, the man was wrong in the start, but is is hard to make him, in that position see, that forty hundred thousand millions of wrongs do not make one solitary right. But "where there is a will there is a way." This same giant in the castle generally leaves a hole in the top of his house through which he expects to escape and go to Heaven when he dies. I think I can throw "bomb shells" of logic in that hole, and smoke him out.

And if there are any lords or ladies, dukes or duchesses, that would like to shoot their eloquence or scorn at me, upon the slavery question, they will please blaze away. The man who tends the threshing machine would like to have the sheaves passed to him pretty lively, and so would O. P. Mitchell. I would like to get through with this question of "eternal niggers," then wash my hands, have my supper and my natural repose. Dark night is fast approaching; it steals athwart our land; it will soon be, O! so dark, that "no man can work"—a darkness more terrible than the night of Egypt; its *thickness* will be more fearfully felt.

Do not think for a moment that I cast a slur at the British Government. By no means, no! I respect our dear, grand, old Mother England, and if the fond prayer of mortal was ever answered from the merit of sincere devotion, it will be this. God bless good Queen Victoria. But some of the English people were mistaken, just like some of ours. They have been blundering along, with head erect and soul full of honor, looking into the future for a "sign;" but no sign will "be given them but the sign of" *Moses* "and the prophets." They have not understood us; they did not know that we Americans are in fact so intimate with each other; that if there is anything about either party of us that the other do not clearly understand, we are bound to have a "muss, for fear that we will spile." They have doubtless thought that, as the mother country had, out of kindness, emancipated her negro slaves, that our country ought to follow that example. Some of our States have given the negroes a sort of freedom, similar to that which England gave to hers; but I do not call that Liberty. Liberty, "if I understand myself, and I think I do," calls for self-government, and nothing less will fill the bill. I am sorry that I have had to notice you in this paper, but my country is in danger,

and if any little words of mine will help to save her, she will *never* die!

Now, Mr. —, I have kindly left you a margin, that you may show your strong points on. I wish to agitate the question. I wish you to do your best. I ask no favors of you in an argument, for I think that I can blow your sophistry "higher than a kite," and your "stave off" proclivities won't do you any good. I will strike a little at the "roots of things," and if you should think that you can abuse me until I hush up, you will be mistaken; that won't bother me scarcely any; though, at the same time, the smartest kind of men are gentlemanly in discussions. I had rather follow that example. If I am wrong, I wish to be convinced (I don't happen to be wrong). Abusing each other will not do the world any good. I would like to present these Ideas so plainly to the world, that every one may understand it all. And by all means, I wish to convince you that you are really wrong, really mistaken. You are truly a fine old Tree, but your fruits are bitter; not bitter from being grafted on the original stem, but bitter from the sourness of the grounds on which you grew. If you yielded goods fruits, a hungry world might repose in peace beneath your shadow, and in partaking of the wholesome fruits, be filled with many joys. Therefore, I will endeavor to dig about you and put dung about your roots, and then let you rest a little season. But by and by, I will come again, to see if your fruits are good. If they are, I will rejoice with exceeding great joy. I do not say these things from spiteful malice—not at all. I say it because I have received the lesson from Him that hath gone before us, "whose shoes' latche I am not worthy to unloose." And O! remember that with my strong right hand I have withheld the axe. "Why cumberest thou the ground?" I do not feel that I meet you with extra abilities. I have not a finished education—my days on earth have been to few too acquire all of that; but I

meet you with the firm conviction that Truth (if stripped of any mystery that may have been thrown over it) is powerful, and will prevail. And I believe that I possess the knowledge that will make it hard for even you to convince a literary world that I am a poor crazy fool, an idiot, or a muggins.

Good bye; for this time. I sign myself,

Your sincere friend,

O. P. MITCHELL.

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MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS :—I wish to say a few words to you : I have explained the nature of your “peculiar Institution” to my brothers in the North. I have said that Slavery conflicts with the interests and dignity of free labor. I will tell you how. It is a well known fact that many negroes purchase their own freedom, many are set free by their masters, and some get free by other means. (This is one of the results of Slavery.) These free negroes collect themselves into large communities in the interior towns of our Northern States. Where there are but few negroes in a large town in our Northern States, their influence is scarcely felt ; but where there are many negroes in a small Northern town, their influence is felt so vastly that they are a bar to the progress of that little town—from these reasons : They are governed by the laws of the “white folks.” If they had equal liberty with the white citizens of the town—even if they were in the minority—there would doubtless be some white persons that would act and vote with the negroes for the sake of part of the offices. It does not strike *me*, that that would be desirable. And although the town be what is termed an

"Abolition hole," the white citizens take care to control the town. These negroes are poor and dependent on the white people for employment, which they get occasionally at modest wages, for a few days at a time. Much of their time is passed in idleness. I can't tell exactly how they manage to live, but at any rate, their opportunities to progress are extremely limited. Now, it is plain that these negroes are a "festering sore" to the progress of a Northern town. They scare away the white immigration. They reduce the wages of the day laborer, and I hold that there is not much dignity about labor if its compensation does not reward the employed man something over and above what it costs him to support himself and family for the time in which he is employed. Do you not see that the free negro in the Northern States is not doing much good, and that he is positively consuming a vast amount of the bread and butter that ought to go into the mouths of our own poor white men, women and children? It is then the interest of the Northern States to get rid of what is to them most certainly a nuisance. I believe that a State has a right, in its individual capacity, to remove whatever may obstruct its progress, provided it can do so without interfering with the rights of other States, and without outraging the established laws of humanity. I have stated that the free negroes, by being governed by a few simple rules in the science of life and health, can go to Africa; and the resources of that country being, possibly, the greatest and richest of any country in the world, they can do well, and attain a high state of civilization, be healthy, wealthy, prosperous and happy. Understand, that I mean the young people who have good characters formed, and have many years of life before them, can emigrate. I doubt the propriety of old people emigrating to any new country. They do not "bear transplanting" very well; but they can carry in their own bosoms the quiet joy that will arise from being useful in forming the char-

acters of their children, to fit them for the glorious destiny that does await them. And when the negroes have thrown open the resources of Africa, it is natural to suppose that they will wish to benefit their race. Then they can purchase the freedom of their friends; their friends can render an equivalent in labor for the money invested for their benefit. It would not be policy for the wealthy to purchase their friends and make a present of liberty to them without remuneration. It would soon impoverish them to such an extent that they would not have the power to do their full share of good. [I will explain this after a while.] And that the negroes who are now in slavery should pay a price for the blessings of civilization and liberty, is rational, for it will be easy, and it is according to the word of God. No nation ever rose to greatness without paying a heavy price.

You may at first object to all this, from the fact that it seems likely to take away your working force; but please look here: Money is always handy to a business man, and you will get the money for your negroes. A white man, working for himself, will accomplish about twice as much in a given amount of time as a negro whilst working for a master (speaking from general rules). I will just here give you a case by way of illustration. Two neighbors, owning estates on the banks of the Ohio river (near Rising Sun, Indiana, where I was born)—Mr. Rabb, in Indiana, and Mr. Piatt, in Kentucky—(it has been more than eleven years since I was there, but was informed that) the fortunes of these gentlemen were nearly equal. Mr. Rabb worked his farm in this way: he parcelled out his grounds to tenants, allowing each about as much ground as he could cultivate to advantage. It was generally planted with Indian corn. The "Ohio Bottoms" yield large crops of this article—about one hundred bushels per acre. The tenants gave Mr. Rabb one half of all they raised, "delivered in the crib." The tenants seemed satisfied with this

arrangement; in fact, one tenant told me that he was able to save three hundred dollars per annum, clear of his family expenses, by having other employment during the winter, when he could not work at farming. These tenants would sometimes invest the means thus accumulated in Government land, in order to have farms and homes of their own. This would make room for other poor men to fill the tenants' places. Wealth and civilization was in a state of progress. Mr. Piatt, on the Kentucky side of the river, worked his plantation in the old Kentucky way, with about fourteen negroes. I think he had the advantage of a wood yard for supplying steamboats with fuel—I am not positive—be that as it may. He is, I think, a practical man, of extreme good sense, and no doubt works everything to good advantage. But, I was informed by those that ought to know, that Mr. Rabb's clear profits every year amounted to more than Mr. Piatt's did. The interest on the cash value of a family of negroes in Kentucky would in some cases pay for more free labor than that family of slaves perform.

I am trying to advance the idea that, although you may feel some disadvantages at first parting with your slaves, that it will be better for your progress in time to come. You need not lack for laborers to cultivate your fields. The poor, you can "always have them with you." There are thousands of poor white people in America, and tens of thousands of poor white people all over Europe, that would like to have employment, and if we were truly beautiful they would say to Uncle Sam (just like gentle Ruth of old)—whithersoever thou goest I will go, and thy God shall be my God, and thy people shall be my people. There is the patient German, for instance (other people will do as well as Germans). The German is remarkable for being a good cultivator of the soil—

And does make the howling wilderness bloom sweetly as the rose,  
With his wealth of perseverance, wherever he goes.



Then, in the gradual development of the fullness of time, permit them to be your tenants, and I think that they will grow rich, and so will you ; for, under this case, your broad lands will yield, I think, four fold. And cotton is not the only thing that the world will need. We have miles upon miles of valuable mines to open and develop ; we will need more corn. We have a high state of cultivation and civilization yet to develop, and many luxuries not dreamed of now will doubtless be in great demand. We may safely expect improvements in machinery to do away with a portion of what is now performed with manual labor. Give us peace, and we are a progressive people. Many of these things lie in the future, beyond our day and generation. But give me peace, that the eyes of my faith may behold them. Then, amid the ripening glories of my country, let me die.

You ask me, by what authority I say these things ? I answer, by the authority of an honorable, though humble, American citizen, although a day laborer. I am one of the mudsills of my country. Upon the intelligence of the laboring class our form of government immediately rests. If our Government is wisely administered, our load is easy ; if maladministered, it grinds in the dust. Singly, the citizen is feeble ; but united, the citizens have power. They are weak to do wrong, but strong to do right. You ask me why I did not say these things sooner ? I am young. The little that I do know, I have had to learn—under difficulties, too. But these are my first public letters. If you saw all this, why did you not say it yourself ? I am not the miserable “ toady ” that would have peace at just whatever price you may happen to name. I believe that strict justice, extended and demanded, is the only good security for peace. I believe that justice ought to be extended even though it be demanded by that worst of all human inventions—the bayonet’s point. I am advised

that some of your people have expressed a willingness to submit to God's way of disposing of the Slavery question, but I am not advised that you have explained what God's way is. The same law that permits you to buy bondmen and bondmaids, and to hold them and their children after them, as an inheritance to your children after you, to be the possession of your posterity, provided for the bondman's education. By reading the 24th chapter of Deuteronomy, you find that you are not allowed to pervert the judgment of the stranger ; and in the 29th, you find the Jews are commanded to make known the law to all the people under their control, "from the hewer of thy wood unto the drawer of thy water." And farther, in the 31st chapter of Deuteronomy, Moses orders that the stranger and the stranger's children, should have the same opportunities to learn the law that the Hebrews had themselves. You urge that you are anxious for your bondmen to have religion and morality, and that you give them opportunities to become religious. I give you credit for that as far as it goes, but I do not deem that sufficient. The law of Moses was all the theory of civilization that the world had at that day. It set forth rules for all the details of social, moral, political and private life ; and the Jews were commanded to teach the law to everything human within their jurisdiction. The law of Moses is but a portion of the civilization that we have at this day, for the "clock" of progress has moved forward since that law was given to the Hebrews. A Savior came into the world. He did not come to destroy the law ; he came to fulfill it. He came to give the world more light and more knowledge. He gave the world a new form of Religion, and designed it to spread to the uttermost parts of the earth. You have laws that forbid the negro to learn to read. You do not give the negro the education that you ought to give him. You teach him just what suits your purpose to have him learn, and nothing more. That chains him

down in ignorance, and you have no moral right to do it. The ministers of the Gospel South are free to confess that if the slaves were set free, turned adrift from their care and teachings, they, the "colored element" in their churches, would relapse into barbarity. Of course they would. You have not permitted them to add to their "faith, virtue ; and to virtue, *knowledge* ; and to knowledge, temperance ; and to temperance, patience ; and to patience, godliness ; and to godliness, brotherly kindness ; and to brotherly kindness, charity." If you do not permit them to add ALL these things to their faith, they will never come up to the "full measure of the stature of men and women in Christ Jesus." But let them become acquainted with all the necessary arts and sciences that build up and sustain civilized religious life, and they might be turned adrift anywhere upon the face of the earth with the possession of true Christianity, and ignorance will not corrupt them, nor idleness corrode. But in other more beautiful words : "For if these things be in them and abound, they make them that they shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowelge of our Lord Jesus Christ. But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins."

It can be made plain to every mind that will look the subject squarely in the face, that this bondage was instituted in order to reclaim such people from depraved barbarity as could not be reclaimed in any other way. It requires two or more persons to make a bond, and the civilized man has a duty to perform as well as the heathen. But I will try to make this very plain. We are not allowed to place a man or woman of our own family or race in lifelong bondage, and their children that may be born to them also. But there are cases where children are taken from the "Poor House," and "bound out" to persons who, on their part, are bound to teach the young

person a trade, a business or an occupation, by which he may make an honorable living when he becomes to be a man. The bond provides for the education of the apprentice, and the term of bondage expires when the apprentice is twenty-one years old. The master is not expected to give the apprentice a classical education, but *he is* expected to teach the boy the elements of English education, which is understood by the words, "to read, to write, and to cypher." Many men in the United States have made very respectable figures in their day, and some of them have even written their names in the history of the Age, who commenced life upon their own account, with only a limited knowledge of the rudiments of English education. It is important that children should be taught the elements of education; then, if they wish, they can learn more. Well, the neighbors cannot hardly help seeing whether the master does his duty by his apprentice. If the master does not do his duty, they will admonish him to do better; then, if he neglects his duty, they will inform the authorities, who will investigate the matter, and if they find that the bond is broken by neglect on the part of the master, they will take the apprentice and provide for his education at some other place. The community has a moral right to do all this; for if a youth is permitted to grow up to manhood in ignorance and idleness, he is liable to become a vicious vagrant that they will have to pay taxes to support. Where there are many vagrants in a small community, it is difficult indeed for civilization to live.

I am now coming to the point. The Nationality must be preserved. We cannot absorb all races of people in our form of government, and have harmony. The white people of other nations are easily absorbed. Although the naturalized citizen has affections for the land where he was born, his children become thoroughly Americanized by the time they are of age, and are altogether like the rest of us. But should we come to absorbing negroes, it

would be a different affair. The climate does not bleach him white. He is what God designed him to be, and it is not for us to interfere with the designs of God.

It requires a longer time to bring up a nation from depraved barbarity than it does to educate a single individual. It is the labor of an age, for they have to be educated in masses sufficient to carry on civilization upon their own account. God gives people power to do good, and rewards them for doing it. Christianity and civilization are worth having—Jesus bled and died that all the world might have it. Herein lies your moral right to hold the African race in bondage. Give them the education that God intends them to have and they will in time become free. The means they will take to get their freedom will be according to the moral education that you give them. If they are properly educated they will assist each other—"his brother will redeem him, or his uncle will redeem him, or, if he be able, he will redeem himself." Then with the same wise law "that makes it a common cause for the common good," that permits States to draw pay from the national treasury for their slaves at any time they wish to become free States, it is plain to see that the negroes will be released from bondage just as soon as their liberty can be of practicable value to themselves or to the world. You retort, that it has been a standing complaint of many preachers South, that you were debarred from giving your negroes education, because of "Northern fanatics," who were continually endeavoring to pervert the minds of your bondmen, to make them dissatisfied with their lot, and if you taught them to read, you felt positively certain that they (the negroes) would be stimulated to insurrection. I confess, with pain, that this has been too true. But did you educate the negro before the Northmen began to complain? I do not think you did. I do not call them fanatics. They saw that there was something wrong. The "mote" was in their

eye ; they did not see clearly what it was ; but they attempted to correct what they deemed to be error. Far be it from me to attempt to detract anything from the piety of those truly good people of the South who have endeavored to give the blessings of Christianity to the African race. I cheerfully extend to them full credit for all the good that they have done, or have aimed to do. That is all very good, so far as it goes. But I do not remember that you made the education of your slaves a broad plank in your Declaration of Independence. I do not recollect that Mr. Stevens, who was so eloquent on the "God-given institution of slavery," was equally eloquent on the elevation of the African race. Your statesman in Congress have argued that the negro was some sort of an inferior human being, whom it was right to keep in bondage—did not exactly say why,—called the Slavery question a "delicate question," and wanted to throw it out of Congress. I believe the facts are simply these : The people of the United States have not seen clear through the "bondage" question, and the people have taken extreme views on both sides. But thanks be unto the ever-living God, I feel myself authorized to lay my hand upon my heart, and say, in behalf of the people of the North, that We "will correct errors when they are shown to be errors, and adopt new views when they are shown to be true views."

If you, Jefferson Davis, and the people of the South, can lay *your* hands upon *your hearts*, and say the same, there will be no "irrepressible conflict" between us ; there will be no reason why we should not be united. "I will correct errors when they are shown to be errors, and adopt new views when they are shown to be true views." That sentence should be stereotyped in every school book in the land. It should be preserved in the archives of our nation, for it shows up the broad, imperishable basis on which the glorious superstructure of progressive self-gov-

ernment is built. It is fortunate for the Age that we have a man and a mind in the right place, who can express so much wisdom and so much honesty in that many words.

People of the South! The world is beginning to see that you can have bondmen and bondmaids without being wrong in the sight of God. They also see that you have duties to perform toward your bondmen and bondmaids, and in future, when you have schools for the negroes upon every plantation, when you have Sabbath schools as well as churches for them, when the aged can read their Bibles, and therefrom draw comfort to their declining days,—it will be so different from the slavery that you once had, that it will hardly know its name. And it will be different in more respects than one. When one or more of them become free, they will not go to some little Northern town, to live in some wretched old tumble-down houses, where the curse of caste is certain to be placed upon them, where they will earn a precarious subsistence by sawing wood, blacking boots, &c.; for they will be intelligent, and will not choose to live beneath their privileges. They will go to the colored people's own happy land of "Canaan," and spread the light, the knowledge, and the religion that they have acquired; and at the same time, they will "clear up" sugar and cotton plantations of their own.

I am not dictating to you. I have no choice, but to obey the law of reason, and the laws of God. The people of the North wish to do what is right. If you are equally honest you will return to your allegiance, to give us union and to give us peace, and assist us to correct the deplorable blunders that I, and you, and all of us have made. I hold that there is a great mistake somewhere whenever a war is declared; and it looks plain to me that one or the other of the parties concerned do not know what their duty is; or, knowing it, show an unwillingness to do it. In the present case, I think both parties have, to a great

extent, been wrong. Do not understand me to say that I think it a mistake for a Government to defend the lives of her citizens, to protect them and their property, and to protect the property belonging to Government. I think a Government *has* a right to do all this, no matter who or where the foes may be. In fact, if a Government does not use its best endeavors to protect all that belongs to it, it is no Government at all; it is merely a shadow or a myth—the first heavy storm will blow it all away. If you have laws or institutions that are deemed wrong by your sister States, they will complain of you to the Government. The Government is bound to hear your defense, bound to examine your reasons when you give them, and when you show that your laws are rational and right, the Government is bound to protect you. But when you appeal to arms instead of reason, your Government is liable to think that no good and sufficient reasons exist in your behalf, for it finds itself called upon to resist and subdue brute force. You complain that slavery is not allowed in the Territories as it used to be. I have stated that I think it right to have a fair proportion of the territory now belonging to all the States left open to your institution, if you wish it—*always provided*, that you give good and sufficient guarantees that you will fulfill your portion of the bond that *does exist* between you and your bondmen. There is no such a thing as a one-sided bond, and you cannot show me that there is, by any code of ethics acknowledged in any way to be a guide for civilized mankind. If you refuse to fulfill your portion of the bond, the bond ceases to exist, and you have no moral right to the services of the negro whatever, in no portion of the globe. The North *wishes* and *intends* to do what is right. If the people of the South can say the same, there is no reason why we should not remain united, have peace, and be better friends than we ever were before. It is *always* honorable, under all circumstances, to do right. The



people of the North are willing to extend to the people of the South *every act* of friendly legislation that strict justice to their institutions may demand. Then, brothers of the South, I implore you, in the name of God and humanity, let us make peace, let us be friends. The old question about the extension of Slavery does not have the vast significance that it once had. You were interested in having Slavery extended in order that you might protect it with the balance of power. You were endeavoring to hold bondmen by the brutalizing force of self interest, and the people North were opposing you on principles the same. If you hold bondmen in the future, you will hold them as an infant giant nation that you have gathered in from barbarity, that you *are* slowly, but certainly, initiating into *all* the arts and mysteries of civilized religious life. When they have paid their initiation fee (and God, who gave the law to Moses, made that fee sufficiently ample for all that you are required to teach the bondmen—the bondmen receives greater benefit from proper bondage than anybody else—and it is right that he should pay for his education) he will be free to depart from you and go to the land that God gave unto his fathers, to carry on a Government that will redeem his race from wretchedness and ignorance, to carry on civilization upon their own account. You will hold your bondmen according to the laws of reason and the law of God, and the “gates of Hell” shall not prevail against you.

Our Union is a union of race, of family ties, of sacred recollections. It is also a union of rivers and of lands. If it be rent in twain, Self government will die—“What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.” Do not tell me that you “choose your own institutions, and want to be let alone.” The King of Dahomey would be apt to say the same thing—but the mere assertion would not convince me that his Majesty was right. As long as there is a God in heaven no man will be permitted to do

as he chooses, unless he chooses to do right, and remain unpunished. You know well enough that ignorance is the worst calamity that ever fell upon a race of men. And you also know that you have no moral right to chain men down in ignorance, since Jesus died that they might have knowledge and civilized life. If you will do what is right in the sight of God, there is every reason in favor of the States remaining united, and no reason why they should be divided.

Truth is a treasure. You are withholding a portion of the truth. But although you "legalize a lie, though you glorify a lie, though you sanctify a lie, though you invest a lie with military pomp and splendor, after all, it is nothing but a lie ; and by and by, the white light of God's truth will shine clear through it, and all the world will see it is a lie." But to use the words of the Savior, "For there is nothing hid, which shall not be manifested ; neither was anything kept secret, but that it should come abroad. If any man have ears to hear, let him hear. And he said unto them, Take heed what ye hear ; with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you ; and unto you that hear shall more be given." Mark iv., 22, 23, 24.

People of the South ! if you refuse to return to your allegiance, it will be plain to the world that you are determined to adhere to what appeared to be your original intentions, which seem to be this : You are undertaking to withdraw yourselves from any moral surroundings, in order that you may build up a Slaveocracy without moral restraint to keep you from fastening the chains of ignorance upon the black man forever, whilst your relentless ambition will gloat and fatten on the festering calamity of the unfortunate slave ! The civilization of the Age will not stand calmly by and see the sacred name of government prostituted to so base a use. The commercial world will not stand quietly by and see you (holding as

you do a monopoly of certain articles of commerce) build up a power upon principles so fiery and combustible, that it is liable at any moment to, volcano like, blow up and fill the channels of trade, which belong to them as well as you, with ruin and disaster. It is preposterous for you to suppose that the North wishes to take your bondmen from you in order to give them education, when you can, if you will, teach them so much better yourselves. Any one who *knows* anything about the case at all, is perfectly aware that any vast number of partially civilized human beings have to submit to some sort of discipline, in order to be educated. The master and mistress can attend to the education of the bondmen and bondmaids, better than Government officials can. *We do not wish to draw your "elephant" if we can possibly avoid it,* but if you force that issue upon us we will be compelled to take the negroes and provide some way by which they may be fed, clothed, and educated. Under our form of Government we are compelled to extend the advantages of education to *everything human* within its limits. If we do not educate, *corruption, fearful and dreadful,* will certainly rule!!

Brothers of the South! it is earnestly hoped that you will return to your sober senses, as well as your brothers of the North. Your God and your Country extends to you a few days of grace. • Do not, I beseech you, neglect so great salvation. If you do, you do it with your eyes wide open. Truth is a treasure; you are withholding a portion of the truth. If you refuse now to return, the voice of outraged humanity all over the civilized world will be lifted up in protest against you, "as it were the voice of a single man," and your fate will be as fearful as the fate of Ananias and Sapphira, who lied unto the Holy Ghost!! Then, in the dread hereafter, you will not lift up reproachful eyes in Hell, and say: "that I saw you standing upon ruin's brink, and did not reach a hand to save you."

My poor heart bleeds when I see a family separating from each other with blackened hearts that they will carry to the grave. The heads of the family, between whom the bickerings have passed, may turn their backs upon each other with forced calmness ; but the little children cry at parting, just as though their hearts would break. As it is with man, as it is with the family, so it is with a Nation. It is sad ! aye, it is monstrous, that this huge pyramid of hissing vipers should have been hatched out between us, out of many very little eggs. At first, there was but two of them, which the head of the Government, if he had only seen them, could have crushed forever, with a movement of his heel.

Almighty God of Israel, hear Thou the prayer of Thy poor, humble and unworthy servant. Help Thy good people, everywhere, to turn the eyes and hearts of my poor, bitten, smitten and afflicted countrymen, all over the United States, that they may look upon the Brazen Serpent, lest they die. For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever and ever. Amen.

Your sincere friend,

O. P. MITCHELL.

To JEFFERSON DAVIS,  
and all the people of the }  
Southern States. .

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I do not say a single word too much, nor would I leave a word unsaid that may be important at this trying time. It may be well to explain how it is that we, and all the civilized world, have an interest in making the African race a self-relying, self-supporting and self-educating people. Advancing civilization has advancing wants, that must be supplied in order to keep it progressing. We

are now using *materials* from all portions of the globe, and it is essential to our progressive existence that we have them. We have dealings with every people upon earth. There is no such thing as letting any people alone. The world contains a variety of climate ; it contains a variety of people, and a variety of nations. Still, it is a magnificent whole. One thing helps another ; one climate helps another ; one people help the other ; nations assist each other by their mutual commerce. There is no one thing or nation entirely independent of another upon the face of the globe.

Well, as the wants of civilization are continually advancing, civilization should advance, in order to furnish the material to meet those wants. Civilization predominates in the temperate zones. Barbarity predominates in the tropics. The result of this is, the productions of the tropics command high prices. Our Creator has formed different kinds of men and different kinds of animals, adapted to all the different climates of the earth. There is not a rood of arable land upon the earth that may not become useful for the purposes of civilization. Now, as nations and people are dependent on each other, we, the civilized world, should build each other up. It is bad policy to tear each other down ; it retards our progress. We have discovered, from repeated experiments, that the white race of men cannot live in some portions of the tropics, and perform sufficient labor to do much good. We have also learned that any barbarous people, who can be taught to labor, are susceptible of becoming civilized. Barbarians stand in the way of progress ; their existence is of little benefit to the world. They are not even beneficial to themselves ; and when we succeed in civilizing them, we have done them a kindness, for we have built them up. We, the white race, have drawn a large number of savages from Africa. We are civilizing them. As they become civilized, it is our duty to permit them to go

to the country from which they sprung. Our duty to send the negro is perfectly apparent. Statistics show that the average length of life of the white missionaries on the west coast of Africa is just three years. A large portion of that time the missionary is prostrated by sickness, and therefore cannot labor. He does not become acclimated. The negro becomes acclimated. The mortality attending the emigration of American negroes to Liberia is shown to be less than the mortality of the immigration to Virginia at its early settlement. But, you say, the negroes do not want to go to Liberia. I am perfectly aware that they do not want to go at present. I will give the reasons: Suppose you give a man who is not a hunter, an empty gun, without allowing him ammunition, and undertake to send him into a forest known to be infested with grizzly bears, for the purpose of obtaining bear meat; he will not be anxious to go; he knows the gun will not shoot without a load; he has no powder and lead; he thinks he would be afraid to shoot if it was loaded, for he has heard exaggerated stories about the ferocity of bears. But let that same individual become a practiced rifle shot; let him have a good gun, that never misses fire; let him have plenty of ammunition; let him learn from experienced hunters the true habits of the bear,—then show him the forest where bears do “mostly congregate,” and he will not be likely to starve. He will go early, because he carries with him the assurance that he is going to conquer!

The chief reasons why Liberia has not prospered faster than it has, are these: The negroes have been hurried away from the plantations South, and from villages and cities North, before they were prepared to go. They went away, big and little, young and old—many of them so old that they could do nothing for civilization except to “start a graveyard,” and fill a mortality report—and the majority of them were lamentably ignorant. If we would have an infant nation grow fast and be powerful, we should

be careful to have it composed of good elements. Like an army, the leaders should comprehend their duties, and the rank and file should be rendered perfectly efficient before going into an engagement. The results here in California will illustrate how fast a nation might grow. You think, perhaps, there would have to be good gold mines in order to bring about the glorious results that we see in California. There are other attractions sufficiently powerful to build up a Government very quick, provided the people are as intelligent as those of California. I have had many years experience in the gold mines of this country, and it is my candid opinion that, if the energy, the labor and the capital, that has been invested in these mines, had been invested advantageously in Agriculture and Manufactures, the clear profits in progress, in morality, in comforts and in money, would, at this day, have been worth more than all the gold profits of California. Still, it is a good thing to have gold mines, for one thing helps another. And there are gold mines in Africa that will probably pay as well as the mines of California, if there was an intelligent people to work them. When my friend was in Liberia, a few years ago, he found the interior capable of becoming a very productive country. He found the inhabitants sadly in need of tools to work with. They had no machinery, they had no mills of any kind. The lumber of which they built their houses was made by hand, with the whip saw. The rice they used for food was made ready for cooking by hand, a little at a time, in a sort of wooden trough or mortar. Their cattle (cows and oxen) were of the smallest breed, not large enough to do much work—an ox would weigh about two hundred pounds. They did their farming chiefly with the spade and hoe. Rice and cassada seemed to be the chief articles of food, although all sorts of vegetables seemed to grow well whenever planted. They had preachers, school teachers, statesmen, doctors and lawyers, but the rank and

file of their society lacked intelligence to an alarming extent ; did not think there was a negro in the colony capable of building a steam saw mill, or even capable of setting it up if it was built for them.

It is an oversight to send a people to spread knowledge and civilization before they possess those articles to spread. People must have tools and machinery, in any portion of the world, before they can build up commerce ; they must have commerce before they can have much money. The wealth and power of a country does not depend entirely on the richness of the soil, or the eloquence of the statesman. It depends *mainly* on the intelligence of the masses of the people, who develop its resources in detail, and bring them up to the highest practical account. When you see a large community of people (in any part of the world), be they white, red or black, who are unlearned, you are sure to find them living in the poorest kind of houses on the poorest kind of food. They do not seem ambitious to beautify ; they are careless in their dress, often disgusting in their habits ; they are apt to be idle, and when they do work they labor like the ant—do a vast amount of “kicking around” to accomplish very little. They are often pinched with want, though they occupy territory enough for fifty times their number. And it is all because they do not know any better way of doing life. Give that same people knowledge, and you seem to invest them with new life. They will beautify their residences ; they will have good food and plenty of it ; they will wear good clothes ; they become ambitious and enterprising ; labor will be in so great demand that there will be no suffering from poverty in the community. You know all this—of course you do ; but if we would usher in the “good time coming,” we must turn all this to practical account.

But is the colonization of Liberia a failure ? *No, sir !* It is, all things considered, one of the most glorious tri-



umphs that the world ever saw! They are undertaking to do what no other infant nation ever undertook to do. The policy of other nations exterminates the savage. Some one must fall that the nation may rise, whilst they fill the places of the fallen with civilization drawn from older nations. It is different in Liberia. The ten thousand and partially civilized American negroes have thrown their protection over two hundred thousand savage natives, and are depending chiefly on reclaiming the savage from barbarity, in order to have sufficient elements (or population) to make a powerful civilized government. And, as astounding as it may appear, they are actually progressing. Compare Liberia with Cape Colony, belonging to Great Britain, and you will find that humanity is in favor of the former. England has expended more highly cultivated and valuable white men's lives, a larger number of men, than all the negroes that ever went from America to Liberia. She has also expended more money than I would care to count with a shovel in the balance of my days. And what is the result? She has exterminated a vast amount of Caffres, and she does not possess the physical ability to re-populate the land that she has devastated. I presume that I could carry gold enough in a bucket to pay the whole public debt of Liberia, but I do not suppose that I could carry enough gold in a basket to pay the debt that accrues to Great Britain in a single year from keeping up Cape Colony.

With statements like these before us, would it not be well to look and see, what we will find to be a fact. If "Ethiopia ever stretches forth her hand," the Ethiopian race will be the persons that will hold out that hand in her behalf. Some one is ready to say, that *some* of the Liberians are dissatisfied with their lot. Granted. But it is not the intelligent portion of the people that are repining for the "fish-pots and flesh-pots" of the land of bondage. No, sir! The simple fact that the flag of Li-

beria still waves, is proof positive that her people love their adopted country. But I am not compelled to dwell on suppositions. I can cite instances and names. When my friend was in Africa, he became acquainted with a colored gentleman by the name of Clark. This Mr. Clark had emigrated to Monrovia in Kentucky, Liberia, several years before my friend saw him. Mr. C. was not highly educated, so far as "book learning" goes, but had the knowledge necessary to make a good living and turn things to practical account. He "set out" coffee trees on his little plantation—they had been growing five years. He was in the coffee business at the time of which I speak, for his trees were bearing a heavy crop of a superior kind of coffee. Clark was making money. He returned to Kentucky, United States, and bought his wife and child, then went back to Liberia, and at this day, I have reason to believe that he is enjoying more of the good things of this life than falls to the average of us mortals.

My Colored Friends of America, you do not think hard of me, I hope, for turning your attention to a land where the labor that you perform in this country to make a bare living, would make you independently wealthy. I think just this: Away down in the depths of thy colored breast are lying beautiful affections and feelings for your race, just as beautiful as any feelings that I hold for mine. Your tongue has not yet been taught to express your sentiments fully; "but a man's a man for all that," and I know that you have got them. I know that you love your children and your kindred just as well and fondly as it is proper to love the things of earth. I am satisfied that you would like to build them a name and fame that the curse of "caste" could never reach. You have no good assurance that you will leave the name and color that God gave you, to your kindred, if you remain with us; and I have no assurance, on my part, that I will leave my name and color to my kindred in the distant

future (even provided I am ever blessed with a wife and family), if you stay. God gave us the color that he desired us to wear. He never makes mistakes.

I think that all people on the earth sprung from Adam and Eve. We all know that God has worked miracles on earth. We know that at the Tower of Babel He gave the people different languages, in order to make them scatter out to other countries. I think that He extended the miracle a little farther than we have any account of, and that He gave the people the color and other peculiarities that suited and adapted them to the country and the climate that they were destined to populate. And I think so from these reasons : Although some very learned men suppose that climate is the natural agency that gives color to a people, I must beg leave to differ. White people will become embrowned, it is true, by exposure to the sun, but then, their children, whilst kept in the shade, will be white, and any of them will become fair again by passing a winter in the North. The black man does not change color by living in a cool climate. You may go to Canada, and see negroes that are just as black as any natives of Africa. And the only important point that there is about all this, is this : The pure negro never loses his natural ability to exist in a hot climate. Suppose a negro, the same age as myself, had been reared in the same town that I was brought up in. Suppose that negro and I were to conclude to go to Africa. A physician might examine us both, and find us both free from the merest symptom of disease. The negro would settle on the " West Coast," with the perfect assurance that he was just as likely to live to good old age as he would be in any other newly settled country. I would settle with the perfect assurance that I would die within three years. Now, as this state of things is shown to be true by the statistics of experiments of many years, they should be turned to practical account, for it becomes a matter of self-preservation to

both races. Civilization and Christianity was designed to spread by the Giver of all good. Negroes are shown to be the only Christian people that have the physical ability to carry it there, and inasmuch as they can do better, in a pecuniary point of view, in Africa than they could in any other portion of the world, it is fair to suppose that negroes are the proper persons to go.

My Dear Colored Friend, I do not wish to offend you. You know that the very best friends are sometimes compelled to part. Abraham the Patriarch told his own brother, the righteous Lot, to go one way, and he would go another. It was better for them to do so than to quarrel about the differences existing between them. I have looked with unutterable sorrow upon the misfortunes of your race. They became accursed because they disobeyed their God. Any people upon earth will be punished for disobeying God. We white people have not done as God commanded us, and see what a fearful calamity has fallen upon us. I do not wish to hurry you away. I advise you to remain until you can see the great necessity that exists for you to have a government of your own, to elevate yourselves, to protect your children, to redeem and reclaim your people. When God told the people, through God's servant, Moses, of the curses that would surely fall upon them if they were disobedient, He always left a way open for them to return to their duty. He would not destroy them utterly. Then, Colored people, be of good cheer. Do not despond, for your future prospects are really brighter than you will readily believe. And should you feel that you would not like to go so far away as Liberia, please read this, which I have "clipped" from the *Independent*, published at New York :

#### EMIGRATION TO HAYTI.

The Republic of Hayti, under its present wise and patriotic Government, has placed itself in advance of all other nations, in the far-seeing wisdom of the plan it has adopted to promote the increase of its industrial popula-

tion. President Jeffard has seen that his fine country has not justice done to it by its inhabitants. Its numbers fall very far short of its capabilities. The territory now under his jurisdiction, of ten thousand square miles, has but 570,000 people, when, if it was only as well cultivated and settled as the Island of Barbados, it would amply support a population chiefly agricultural of above eight millions. And whenever the natural union of the entire Island is restored, by the overthrow of the cowardly Spanish invasion and the return of the Eastern Provinces to their rightful allegiance, there will be ample room for a population of twenty five or thirty millions where now there are only seven hundred thousand. And in proportion as the advance of civilization and refinement shall lead to a vast diversity of employment, as in France or England, the scope for a free, enlightened and happy population, will be increased almost indefinitely. But the present is the day of beginnings, the day of seed-planting, the time for imparting to a nascent commonwealth those subtle biases and formative elements by which its future outgrowth shall be molded, and its ulterior destinies controlled.

In planning to improve the state and prospects of his country by immigration, Mt. Jeffard has happily combined three essential requisites, which have been so adequately regarded by no other government. By one and the same process he obtains labor, citizens, and social advancement to the nation. An invitation is sent out to people of color, of African or Indian descent, in the United States and British Provinces, offering to every industrious man who will settle in Hayti, the full rights of citizenship at once, with a gift of land sufficient for him to cultivate—about seventeen acres to a married man. And an agent is appointed to keep an emigration office in New York and Boston, to correspond and advise with intending emigrants, to see that only persons of responsible character go, and to superintend the arrangements for transportation. In case of poverty, the Government even advances money to pay the passage of emigrants, not merely from the port of embarkation, but from their places of abode, it may be from Canada or the West. This advance is to be repaid hereafter by the settler's industry, but it is not made, as it used to be in this country, a charge upon his personal freedom. There are no "Redemptioners" in Hayti, sold for a term of years to pay their passage.

By this simple process, President Jeffard avoids the creation of a social caste, depressed below the common level by the want of political privileges. The frenzy of the Know Nothings will never be able there to trample upon the manhood of those who have come to add their industry and patriotism to the common stock of national growth. As the only perquisite offered is a free gift of land, it is to be expected that few will go but those who expect to live by honest labor, and those who go with other motives are pretty likely to come back disappointed at an early date. The industrious ones, coming from a more northern climate, are likely to introduce examples and habits of more vigorous labor and more ingenious management among the tropical natives. Although there are many Haytiens of excellent education and enlarged intelligence, it may be expected that such a body of settlers as will go from this country of schools and newspapers and Protestant churches, will infuse and propagate a spirit of mental improvement not yet general among the masses of the country people.

We shall watch this movement with constant interest and earnest hopes for its success. It seems to possess none of the objectionable characteristics heretofore ascribed to the colonization scheme. It appeals only to the manhood of the negro, and brings him to no other test than has been borne by millions of Europeans in coming to make America their country. That many will be disappointed, and many will suffer and die by emigra-

ing, is expected. Such calamities are inseparable from any great emigration. The hardships are greatest in the beginning of a movement, and diminish greatly after multitudes have beaten the track and prepared new homes for new comers. The Pilgrim settlers at Plymouth buried one-half their number, from sickness and hardship, the first winter. The first settlers of old Concord, fifteen miles back in the unbroken wilderness from Boston, suffered almost equal trials. Tradition records some of the perils and hardships attending the early settlement, successively, of Western Massachusetts, of Central New York, of Ohio, of Illinois, and now last of California and Kansas. Such trials, borne manfully, are the making of a people. And if the negroes on the American continent are ever to be a people, self-reliant, self-sustained, and self-protected, it will be through the winning of manly victories over the disciplinary trials by which alone such dignity is ever attained.

The fact that this emigration already numbers by thousands, and is in successful progress, constitutes one of the great public reasons why our Government should lose no time in rendering to the Government of Hayti that national recognition which justice requires, and in establishing such diplomatic relations as ought to exist between two neighboring nations having so many common interests, and so many points of contact to adjust. A commissioner of the United States, if a man of intelligence and humanity, fully recognizing the Republican doctrine that all men have equal rights to protection and liberty under law, could do very much to facilitate this great movement, by removing obstacles, healing dissensions, clearing up misunderstandings, redressing wrongs, and repressing unjust claims, and thus assimilating the new population with the old, on kindly and equal terms, to the great advantage of both.

From this you will see that the African race have a better opportunity of improving their condition than any other poor people have, or ever did have, upon the face of the globe. In the game of life there is much in opportunity. Let men improve the opportunities that God gives them, and there will be enough of this world good for every member of the human race. Hayti ought to prosper; it *will* prosper. The liberality and good sense like that exhibited by its rulers will call the blessings of Heaven to its aid, and it will be *bound* to prosper. The name of Jeffard will be remembered when many other brilliant names will be quite forgotten. But, at the same time, I would like to see a government in Africa extending equally liberal advantages to the African race. For, although Africa is not so easy of access as Hayti is, it possesses superior attractions for the intelligent; for, according to David Livingston and many others, there is a vast amount of population that may be reclaimed. After

the settler shall have made a little start, he could draw a laboring force from the forest. He would not have to take the plough and hoe in his own hands all the time, but merely superintend the labor, do full justice by his laborers, and pocket the profits. Some one thinks this would build up an aristocracy, and does not like it on that account. See here, my friend: when we build up a rich man, if he be by any means a good man, we have done the world a kindness, for he keeps his wealth but a little season; when he dies other people get it; and there is no such thing as permanent aristocracy in our form of government. It is essential for the good of society to have wealth in some cases concentrated. A rich man will often carry on an extensive business successfully, whilst a combination of small capitalists would fail and bring disaster with that failure. And the reason lies in the difficulty of making a vast combination of wealth and a vast combination of opinions at one and the same time. Nor, is this all. When we rescue a people from barbarity and have formed them into a powerful nation, with righteous government of their own, we have performed the grandest possible achievement of a nation. Then, instead of being annoyed by barbarians, we have a Friend and a Neighbor to *assist* us in any case of need.

But if ever a poor, eager, anxious, tired writer, was placed under circumstances where he felt himself called upon to be *plain*, to the full extent of exertion, I think I'm the man. I expect to be called upon to place this theory beyond the reach of successful contradiction, and more too. It should be placed beyond the risk of being detained, whilst on its mission, by any petty unsuccessful contradiction, that would in any way be likely to get in its way.

I have an abiding *faith* that whenever the moral happiness and welfare of the human family hangs upon a truth, or even a long extended train of truths that have to move

upon the track of progress at one time, those truths can be rendered lucid or transparent, and though them cars be freighted with the holy hopes and destinies of countless millions yet unborn, the human Locomotive, Reason, will be powerful enough to draw them.

Some one was saying that there is a vast amount of cruelty about this "Man-stealing" business called African bondage. Look over the law of God again, and you will find nothing cruel about it. The bondman has to be placed under discipline in order to be educated. You have to place your child under discipline to educate him, and the older he gets before you commence, the worse it is for him. You say, there is no such thing as a sixty-year old child! But I say there is. "The mind is the stature of the man," and some people are mere children all the days of their lives. Though the body be as big as an elephant and old as Methuselah, if it have no *mind* it won't amount to much. But you say that the people South do not go according to God's law. Well, if *you* would act in accordance with the law of God and the Savior, when you find a brother going wrong, tell him in kindness and explain that error. If he heeds you and corrects his error, it is well; if he will not hear you, bring him before the Elders of the Church; if he will not hear the Church, kick him out, and don't let him take any church property away with him: that man don't belong to Church, and there is nothing in that Church that belongs to him. And don't you commit perjury by saying that you think some few things belong to that man, because he paid for them, and put them in the general contribution. The Church, and all therein, has been dedicated to the Lord, and the man is a thief who takes back anything he has given to his God. There is no such a thing as a one-sided bond.

And if the people of the South will return to duty—and I think they will, for I have spoken to numbers of them



who were "on the Secesh," and they said, every one of them, that they would rather have the *Union* of the States than anything else, if they could have equal justice under the Constitution and laws, with the other States—is the North a *hog* that will not do justice to a brother, when it can see what justice is? No, sir; I think not. But I was going to observe, that when these States become reunited, it will be well enough for us of the North to quit calling bad names to our brothers South; for there is no such thing as a one-sided bond.

You had better keep your Bibles for home consumption and not shoot them away with your muskets at an imaginary enemy. We, too, are compelled to "enter in at the straight gate." "For whosoever climbeth up (and some of you climbed high in the world's opinion) any other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

You say, that I demand of the Negro a higher state of morality than we possess ourselves. I don't demand anything. I don't say anything, except what I think that my God and country compel me to say. And it is my opinion that if God ever condescends to save our country, it will not be because we were by a majority a righteous people. *No, sir.* It will, doubtless, be on the same principle that He promised Lot to save Sodom and Gomorrah. Had there been a few righteous people in those cities of the plain, God would have saved the towns upon their account. There was not, and they were consumed. And now, if there is not soon found to be a few righteous people in these United States, they will fall. "And great will be the fall thereof."

But, you say, there is a great speculation in making bondmen of the African race. Certainly there is, and that speculation is in favor of the Negro. He *never* would have obtained Christianity and civilization by any other means. All the money that the civilized Christian world has had to spare would not have placed about six millions

of the African race within the reach of Christianity at this date. But who shall say, in fifteen years from now, if progress is allowed to proceed, that there are any of the African race that are not within the reach of Christianity? You think it hard that a person should endure a lifelong bondage for the sake of obtaining Christianity. I am willing to acknowledge that it is a horrible state of affairs; but the bondage that we will have in America hereafter, will not be nearly so deplorable as the slavery that the Africans have in Africa. We are informed that, in some parts of Africa, the natives buy slaves of each other, and then kill and eat them in the place of beef! They also buy the dead bodies of their friends who have died with disease, and cook and eat them in the place of beef!! Americans have cultivated an appetite for horrors. Let them read the accounts of the state of things in Africa that they have, *or can have*, and I think that they will become satisfied that if there is any way to raise that people from that loathsome depravity, that that way should go on. And if you have no accounts of Africa by you, please read your Bibles (I hope you have not shot your Bibles all away), and in Deuteronomy read the curses that Moses said would fall upon his people if they disobeyed their God; and you will have a daguerreotype likeness, as it were, of the situation of the people in the interior of Africa. Men do not have to be white men in order to become accursed. No, sir. Any people, who will not obey God's law, will certainly be punished. It is said that it "is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous;" the reason is this: it is all the way down hill. It is only a step from Civilization to Barbarity; it is all the way down hill. It is a long, tedious journey from Barbarity up to Civilization; but a man can spring from the giddy heights of Civilization into deep and dark Barbarity, at one single bound. And when the poor victim of his own rashness has lain in that darkness until the light and

warmth of Civilization becomes frozen out of his poor heart; it requires almost superhuman exertions on our part to induce him to rise again. Let me tell me you that the Bible is not the far away abstract theory that some people have endeavored to persuade you that it is. It has a wonderful relation and significance, in all the details of social, moral and political life. It is the only sure foundation of law and reason that we may safely build upon. The Scriptures are the Talents that the Savior spoke about. O! you say you don't want me to talk about that, for you do not believe in the Bible. Well, that does not astonish me. I can go into China, and also into the interior of Africa and find some people who stand higher in the estimation of their countrymen than you do in yours, that do not believe the Bible. It seems in some sort natural for some folks to affect that they do not believe the Bible.

You think that man can reason without the Bible, and point me to nations that have governed and existed without it for many years. I will look at those nations: It occurs to me that they are borrowing constantly some glimmering rays of light from Christianity, that keeps them from settling into helpless darkness altogether. The Arab, I presume, has stolen some precepts from the Bible, and perpetrates them as his own. The Arab invented Ardent Spirits. His neighbor and compatriot, the wonderful Turk,

"Who scorns the world,  
And steps about with his whiskers curled,"

is supposed to reason. He gathers in the beautiful and innocent, in order that he may debase them, and deprives man of his manhood in order that he may *appear* dignified in the eyes of his silly countrymen. The next is the Chinese, who have tortured their females until they have become a race of dwarfs. These people are ingenious; so is the bird that builds a nest, or the beaver that builds

a dam across the stream. But where are their discoveries, showing the triumph of mind over matter, and of matter over the elements. Who tells the people of the future when the comet will appear again? Who has explained the laws of gravitation and attraction? You say, the Turk and Chinese reason. How do they rule? Do they trust to reason in order to govern? No, sir. They rule by brute force. Somebody has to be crushed down in order that the rulers may *appear* great from contrast. The best of them have no true title to greatness. A ten-year old school-boy in the United States will answer more scientific questions than most of them bombastic ostentatious rulers can. O! my countrymen! When you find a thing in human shape that will starve down his own brother, so that it will be impossible for him to grow as large as he does, and then arrogates to himself a vast amount of dignity, because he measures a few more inches 'round the *guts* than his poor bleeding, physicked brother does, *kick him out!* "and let *all* the people say, Amen." And if I thought I was big enough, I would certainly feel tempted to kick out the man that will hold up that loathsome Squab of a Chinese Emperor as a bright example for me to follow.

But it is not worth while for me to be very angry at the wretch who does not believe the Bible. I don't suppose that he will stop the "clock" of progress, and in future, the world will hardly be able to discover that he is doing any good, or any harm. Somebody recollects that the disciples were sent into all the world, to invite sinners to turn to Jesus. So do I. And I remember still a little farther: The servants were sent to *compel* them to come to the marriage supper of the Lamb. The Negro has been *compelled* to come where he can have an opportunity of tasting the bread of life, which Jesus gives to those that love Him. Jesus gave it to *us*, freely. He is very rich, and can afford to give. Still, he exacts an obliga-

tion from us ; and if we would have His blessings rest and abide with us, we are bound to put those by whom we may be surrounded in possession of the graces of our God. Are we bound to extend the name of Jesus in all cases, without money and without price ? I do not think that we are. We are too poor to extend it to any very great or grand extent, and do full justice to our own families besides. And, as the sailor said, "God always *fixes* it somehow, so that we can afford to do what is right." We are commanded to make Christ our example, and, so far as it is possible for the finite mind to follow a Divinity, it is right to do so. But does it not occur to you that the mission of the Savior upon earth was to perpetuate His Spiritual existence ? He was not called upon to perpetuate the animal. It is different with us ; we are commanded to "increase, multiply and replenish the earth." When a man has a family, his presence is needed at his hearthstone a large portion of the time, in order that his children may have the benefit of his teachings and example, to be their guide in future. And that, of itself, stands greatly in the way of long extended missions. Need I say that the hearthstone is the place where the foundation for the goodness and greatness of the future is laid ?

And more than this, Man was made to labor, and placed into the Garden "to dress it and to keep it." And when he fell, this inexorable law was placed upon him : "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." From that day forward there has been no, *nor will there be any*, "excellence without great labor." The missionary has found it impossible to carry with him all the details, illustrations, and examples of civilized life, by which, and through which, Christianity is sustained and built up. The heathen must first be taught to labor, or the seed you sow in his poor heart will spring up to die away. That upon the strong ground, the birds will carry off ; that among the thorns, will be choked ; and that which falls in *shallow*

soil, will be scorched, even though the *Son* of God Himself should cast his rays upon it. The practical farmer first prepares the ground. The harvest depends *mainly* on the preparation of the ground, and when well prepared, let him sow the seed with hopeful rejoicing, for under the blessing of Heaven it will yield "fifty or an hundred fold."

Now, my countrymen, we are brought "face to face" with the moral, social, commercial and political elevation of the heathen. These things are all strung together, and one thing helps another. We are shown that there *is necessity* for bondage, and should it require generations to wean the heathen from the superstitions and the indolence that has been grafted in his soul, until his second nature has become more stubborn than the first, that way must go on ; for *we* have no choice in the matter. It is clear that it rests in the hands of the Lord. When God sends a curse upon a people, we are not powerful to snatch that curse away, as we would a toy from a child. No, sir. It is a thing to be remembered ! It is a thing to be studied !! And it is a thing to be avoided !!!

I will make one observation more before I leave you. You may think it out of place—for, as I do not belong to Church, I cannot wear the name of Christian. My poor heart knows, and God above me knows, that I am not worthy to wear so great and good a name. I do not ask, or expect you to call me a Christian. I have seen congregations that were pretty well to do, so far as this world's goods goes ; have seen a Preacher that toiled every day in the week that he was able, and then preach on the Sabbath, and I did not think it right. Do not understand me to say that it hurts a Preacher, or anybody else, to do a fair amount of work. But I do say, it *does hurt a preacher* to be compelled to do severe labor every day, in order that he may support his family, then write his sermons with a blistered hand, by candlelight. The task becomes

painful in the extreme, for he feels conscious that he does not draw his inspiration from the warm affections of his congregation.

I would not mention this, but I have seen that one thing *either* helps or *hurts* another, and if we would become a moral people, these "*little*" (?) things *must* be taken into consideration. That congregation need not undertake to sell me their picture. Though all the world should call it a true picture of the Church of Christ, I would not want to buy. And what is worse than all, I do not think that God will buy it at the Judgment Day. For there is no such thing as a one-sided bond.

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Can it be possible that my countrymen will be unsatisfied, with all this before them? The confusion is dreadful, the darkness is dreadful, "and madness rules the hour!" Under any other circumstances, I would not run the risk of insulting their good sense by trying to be more explicit. It is indeed a trying time, and any effort to show up the right will be looked upon with suspicion, and there are some mighty minds, aye, giant minds, that would rake hell over for an argument, if they thought that they could give me a moment's confusion. The cackling of a goose saved Rome (just a little while). It will take something heavier than a goose to save America.

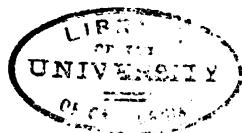
● In looking for the imaginary opponent that I did have, I found him in a dark hole in the ground, and the last words he growled at me were: "Ignorance is bliss." But I *know* better!

Knowledge is the vital principle of *happiness*!

Knowledge is the vital principle of *power*!

Knowledge is the vital principle of *wealth*!

Knowledge is the vital principle of everything that is worth having in this life!



acter, taught him to labor, and gave him industrious habits. When he became of age, you gave him a good horse, saddle and bridle, and a fine suit of clothes, over and above a liberal amount of week-day apparel. Good old Farmer, you have done your duty ; done it well ; and you have done enough. It may sometimes happen that the young man who has received his moral, social, and business education in this way, imagines that he has done a great deal of work for a little pay. It is not hardly expected that a young person can see everything. He is apt to neglect the credit side of his account. Though he remembers the rainy days that he worked in the barn, he, to some extent, forgets the sunny days that he has passed hunting, fishing, climbing trees, and doing as he pleased. It is a well-known fact, that most people pass the happiest portion of their lives without being conscious of that truth. The cheeryest, happiest days that I have ever seen, were the days of my apprenticeship ; but I do not pine to be a boy again.

Well, as people have been "*given*" for a while to "humbug," I would not be surprised if people would say, when they took notice that the Farmer had a stray boy in his flock, "that's a fine little boy." Another would say, "a very smart little fellow." And thanks to the encouragement that your wife and self had given to the child, another would find him to be "a very good little boy," and would say "are you not going to adopt him?" And in some neighborhoods, where people take a larger interest in other folks' affairs than they do in their own, the idea of adoption would become general. They keep agitating the question. You are willing to be advised ; you wish to do right. The glamour steals over you ; you come to the conclusion that one boy is as good as another, and has the same right to life and property that another boy has. You send for a legal gentleman, have the papers made out good and strong. The orphan is adopted, and



when you die, he will have the same legal right to your property and "heir-looms" that your own offspring have.

Your children felt somehow hurt to see this going on, but they respect your judgment, know your honesty of purpose, know that there can be nothing very wrong while you live. But alas! old people pass away. The children have seen the clouds of the valley placed upon the coffins of their Father and Mother; earth has hidden them forever; they feel that they *never did* know how much they loved their parents until now; and the loved have departed. My friends, right here we find affections so beautiful that the finite mind may not explain them, but thanks be to God, we know they *do* exist. Those children cannot explain how very dear is everything to them associated with the memory of their parents. A few days of sorrow are over; the lawyer comes to read the will of the Father. It is found that the children are to share equally. Men are appointed to divide off the grounds, so that the cash value of each lot will be about the same. The homestead, or dwelling house, and what it contains, is placed in one lot, and the fields are divided off to best advantage. They then "cast lots," and the Colored Adopted Brother, with a long name, is lucky, for he has drawn the dwelling house with its hearthstone, where the fond affections of those children have been nourished and cherished. The children pass a sleepless night, and on the morrow, the little sister says to the foster brother:

I have a large, nice farm, but I am not strong to do farming; I would like to exchange it with you for your house. Here is where my Mother used to kiss and love me. I would not feel so lonesome here.

Colored Brother.—I do not think that I want to trade. I could not live without a house.

[*The Sisters and Brothers all come in to hear the conversation.*]

Little Sister.—We, all of us, will buy this house of you. We will give more for it than any person else will. We desire to possess it on account of having our family relics back to us again. You cannot prize them as we do. Do sell it to us ; then you can go back to your people. You would be a great man amongst them. You would have money, and could soon become very rich. Do sell to us the heir-looms of our family. You can build up a name for your own.

Colored Brother.—Just as I expected. It seems as though you never wished me to have anything. I do not feel disposed to gratify childish whims. As to being a great man—am I not a great man here? As to being rich—do I not possess the wealth that all of you do covet most? As to a name—do I not have the name that my foster Father and Mother gave me? As to heir-looms—I have these tokens, and I mean to keep them. My foster Father knew me to be honest and industrious, and has rewarded me. My foster Father was a man of good sense ; all of our neighbors have said he was right. It is strange that I cannot have things in peace as well as other people. I am sure that I earned them, for I was healthy, and worked all the time. You was always sickly, and never earned your salt. You are foolish to suppose that I will sell *my* family relics, and do without myself!

Little Sister.—Is it possible that you do not possess a natural affection for your own poor decrepid Mother! She needs your help. But if you will not sell us anything else, sell to us the picture of *our* Mother. Let us have something that we once possessed, to look upon again.

Colored Brother.—No! Understand me for once and for all. I will *sell* nothing that was bequeathed to me. The law is on my side ; the people are on my side ; because my side is right. As to those people you persist in calling my relatives—they are poor, ignorant, filthy and

abject. I do not associate with any such folks as them. I will not tamely submit to your insults in my own house, and the sooner you leave here, the better it will be for you.

Little Sister.—You was poor and abject too, when my Father took you in.

The negro does not deign to notice that last remark, but goes to a drawer and takes his foster Mother's picture out. He arranges the riband, and places it on his neck in the same manner that his foster Father used to wear it.

"Earth knows no rage like love to hatred turned."

A frenzy, terrible and sudden, takes possession of that family of children. They murder the negro ; they reduce that dwelling, with the contents that they once deemed sacred, to a pile of ashes ! "Madness rules the hour !" They break down the tombstones, and with "fiendish laugh," they dance upon their Father's grave ! When they see nothing more to destroy, the fury of their rage abates, and a remorse, ghastly, dark and heavy, seizes on their souls ; and, as if they could escape the vengeance of an outraged God, they scatter to the four quarters of the earth.

Good Old Farmer, be true to nature ; be true to yourself. "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." Your children, dear to you, are the perpetuation of yourself. Do nothing that will crush the fond affection of your children. The affections are the flowers of the heart. If you destroy the flowers, poison weeds will grow upon the sacred soil, and in the future, they will bear to you no sweetly civilized or cultivated fruit. Do not sign away your children's birthright for the sake of the glamour that your neighbors may endeavor to cast over you. Though you give all else that you possess to the poor and to the stranger, give your child your picture and your blessing.

Then your sainted memory will be forever enshrined within his breast.

As it is with man—as it is with the family, so it is with a nation.

Loved Father of my Country! Be true to nature; be true to yourself! Nourish and cherish the fond affections of thy children, the people. Do not sign away the people's birthright for the sake of the bogus philanthropy that the mistaken philosophers have endeavored to sell you at such an awful price. We have paid too much already for that miserable whistle. Do not hang the pale sweet face, the almost sorrowing features of our beloved Washington upon the Negro's neck. That picture certainly belongs to the white race of men. The Negro's heart has not been educated—he would never give it back. If we stab the affections of the people, Self-Government will die! Passions, wild, tumultuous and dreadful, would usurp the places of affections, and we would be compelled to govern with military rule. The presence of heavy standing armies at a time when war is not declared, are proofs positive that there is no peace. We can look into other nations, and see how the iron heel of Military Government grinds out the poor man's heart. We *never*, NEVER wish to see it in our land! For, where brute force rules, there is no Liberty!

But there will, doubtless, be some people who, for some almost unaccountable reason, will argue against all this; and will quote from James, a servant of the Lord, and say: That my brother hath not the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ, with respect to persons. \* \* \* He will also say, that I have no moral right to say to a brother: Sit thou here, or, Stand thou there. And, besides, he will say, that a freeman, if he behave himself,

has a right to live in any part of the world that he chooses.

The Negro is not my natural brother, and I don't expect to let him "get into my assembly" to any very great extent. I do not ask the Negro to take a low position amongst the nations of the earth. The wealthier he becomes—and *he can become wealthy*—the higher the Negro stands in his own estimation, and in the estimation of the world—the better I will like him. Just so that he stand nobly, dignified, independent, and alone, I will ask nothing more. And I have a right to ask that much, for I do not wish to neglect my own business in order to hold up the Negro forever. I have found the Negro prostrate and helpless. He had been robbed, and he was bruised and bleeding. The great men and the good men of the world had passed him by. I have said to my Southern Brother, who has accommodations, please take good care of him, do your whole duty by him, and our God will pay your bill. When your bill is paid, let the Negro depart into his own land. And that is all that my God requires of me, concerning the negro. For I am neighbor to the man that fell among the thieves!

And, as to the idea that a man has a *moral* right to take up his residence in any portion of the earth that he might choose, why, that's all nonsense, all humbug! A man has a *moral* right to live in the land which God and nature has adapted him to people. Good intentions will not always save our lives. The white missionary behaves himself in the west coast of Africa, but he dies in a short time. The man of old had good intentions when he reached out his hand to keep the Ark of Israel from jostling upon a certain threshing floor; but the act was a plain violation of God's law, and God struck him dead. And now that we see that there is a more rational way of extending the name of Jesus, it becomes suicidal, in more ways than one, to pick out the best talent, and the most

moral of our young white men, to send them off to die in Africa. O! *when* will the people learn that they have just what Liberty God chooses to give them, and not any more!

"The sporting boy upon the Alps may start the loosened avalanche, but mortal may not stop it, till it finishes its magnificent career." "O, yes!" says you, "Downward career;—thought you'd take a *downward* career before you got through."

The avalanche *must* come down in order to be useful. Is it practically valuable upon the mountain top, where nothing living can exist? It glitters in the sunshine, and frowns terribly in storm; but it must come down in order to be useful. Then it fills the limpid river, ascends again in vapors, travels o'er the land to descend thereon in rain. It gives drink to the thirsty, and food to the hungry. And in this way, it helps to people Heaven with the just made perfect.

So must this reservoir of popular opinions, that have been frozen on the ærial heights of fancy, during this long "winter of our discontent," be warmed and thawed by the coming Summer Sun of Heaven's love—and then come down to the regions of practical life, in order to be useful. E'en haughty, naughty pride must fall.

The Negro will awaken. A mighty light will break upon his mind, and his young heart and brain will glow with an enthusiasm just as high and just as holy as ever thrilled through either yours or mine. Then he will gird his armor, Knowledge, on. It will be more strong and more invincible than coat of mail or Roman cuirass ever was. He will feel independent; independence is the stuff of which Liberty is made. He will turn his face south-eastward; he will build his dwelling in the land God gave unto his fathers—that lovely land the cannibal pollutes. There will he commence his labor of love and of

mercy. Noxious weeds will perish in the furrow that his plough will make ; his axe will fell the forest, and let the sunlight in ; his fires will consume the jungle ; the serpent and ferocious beast will die. He will gather in the young and pliant from surrounding tribes, to assist him in his labors ; he will gather in to save, not to exterminate ; and thousands of happy homes and smiling fields will spring up all around him. Then will the voices of his accomplished daughters be mingled sweetly in the music of that good time coming, and his stalwart sons will go forth, hale, vigorous, with strength unto the harvest. Then, in the evening of the day, in the evening of his life, will he set him down beneath the tree his hands hath planted, and take his little grandchild on his knee, and tell to it the story of the Cross, and point its young, its true, its pure, immortal Soul to Glory ! In this way will he help to people Heaven with the Spirits of the Just made perfect. In this will his lighted candle be placed into a candlestick where it will do the greatest good unto the greatest number.

Is it not time that Uncle Sam was making preparations to wed his foster daughter to her destiny ? We think it is.

Traveler.—Then, Watchman on the tower, what seest thou ?

Watchman.—In the Western horizon, I see a little cloud, not bigger than a man's hand ; but the sky will soon be overcast with clouds—they will bring the promised rains of grace to our dry and parched earth ; they will clothe our hills with verdure, and fill the vales with standing corn—and the people shall rejoice in the fatness of the land !

Traveler.—Ever blessed be the name of the Lord !

Fellow Mudsill! I trust that you will be permitted to read this paper. We all know that the Slavery question is the principle question—the giant, in fact—that has stood in the way of our progress, for more than thirty years. It has cost our Country hundreds of millions of dollars, and it now threatens the life of our Nation. It is essential to our existence as a people, that this question be solved and set aside amongst the things that were. And it is essential that our policy be so shaped, that America will be free from Slavery in the course of time. Secession, or separation, and peace between the parties, is an impossibility, for it does not remove the Slavery question. Wars would continue to grow out of it, until our land would be so oppressed with standing armies, that there would be nothing left of Liberty in either North or South. If you think as I do, you can let the world know it. If you do not think as I do, let the world have your *reasons*. And if you feel that you need further explanations, you can question me by letter. I can answer any question of vital importance to the *Colonization* cause! You need not hesitate to speak out your minds because you may not have a vast amount of what the *world* calls education. That does not interfere with your sound practical judgment so very badly, after all; and, believe me, your good common sense is in great demand just now. They may sneer at your bad grammar—so they *may* at mine—but the truths you utter will stare them in the face. Our Government rests upon the soundness of the Mudsill; the Mudsill has always been found sound when probed with the bayonet; why should we fail our country now? I do not speak disparagingly of education. But I *do* advance the idea that a vast amount of book-learning requires a vast amount of practical knowledge along with it, in order to be of true value to the world. Book learning, without practical knowledge, is like a heavy weight hung to one side of the balance-wheel in machinery. If the machine,



then, moves at all, it will move with a force that is foreign to itself; it will go by jerks—it *will* dodge questions; on a heavy question, it cannot work at all. Counterpoise the wheel with a requisite amount of practical knowledge, the machine will then move steady, dodging nothing. It may be hard to start; but once in motion, the ponderous machine will be heavy to resist.

We require moral education as well as anything else. The heart needs education as well as the head. The man may not possess book learning, but if he possesses stern integrity, he is more worthy of respect than the man of science with a rotten soul!

I give these hints because I have seen that education is sometimes applied to a bad use, and men are sometimes followed because they make a brilliant figure in the world. The man that spends his education in a bad cause is like the prodigal and spendthrift that spends his fortune in the vices of a licentious life. He will have followers; he will make a brilliant show; but he will run his course, leaving misery in his track;—but he will awaken, to see blue ruin stare him in the face! So it is with the man of learning and of talent, when started on an erratic course. The wealth of his abilities will make wrong appear right; thousands will follow after him, and horror, ruin, anguish and wretchedness, is the result; for when the “blind lead the blind, they all fall into the ditch”—be they a thousand, or be they thirty millions, it is the same to God. It is fortunate if they awaken in this life, for when they are reduced to feeding on a husk, they can return to their Father’s house, and be forgiven. It is important that we do not catch at and take up subjects too quickly; it is better to “prove all things and hold fast that which is good,” for there is much error in the world. A mistake in the beginning of a large sum in multiplication will make the figures in the product wrong. So will a mistake in the policy of government make the product wrong.

Youths of America : Do not be too anxious to start quickly on a public career. It is important that you make no mistakes. It is safest to first be sure that you are *right*, and then *go ahead* !

“What a mystery is man !” I do not think that man is a mystery, in that sense of the word. It is rash to presume that William Shakespeare considered man a mystery, when he could enchain men to his eloquence with his mighty will. The world has not understood Shakespeare. They have taken the words which he supposed the poor crazed Ophelia, under painful circumstances said, to be an epitome of wisdom. Ophelia was mistaken, and died through that mistake. And the humbug, that man is a mystery, has given its full share of sorrow to the world. Please understand me. There *is* mystery about the merest grain of sand, too great for man to comprehend. But so far as our dealings with man are concerned ; so far as we have anything to hope or fear from man, we are permitted, if we will, to understand him just as well as anything else in life. The common mind has given talent, or genius, as it is often called, far too much credit. When they have listened to a moral genius, his eloquence drew them within his control. They, to some extent, felt him to be gifted with supernatural power, and on that account believed what he said was gospel, and did not deem it worth while to examine the subject for themselves. It was much the same with the political genius, and even more so with the evil genius. This last named gentleman has been looked upon as a sort of infernal machine, made on purpose to shoot chain lightnings of eloquence, broad-axes of sarcasm, and earthquakes of logic, to annihilate the luckless wight who might accidentally stir him up ! The people have always fed this fellow pretty well ; necessary to it, they must keep him in good humor. They borrowed that idea of the Chinaman.

You will find Genius to be highly cultivated mind—a mind that has studied. The youth acquires a taste for some one thing, bends his faculties upon it, and at last excels. You say you have seen men have genius without many books or much apparent study. Certainly, a mind may study without a book. If it can't, it won't become a genius. If I had two enemies—if one of them had passed his life in constant warfare, until he had gained a great reputation for being a good fighter; if the other had equal intelligence, and had passed all his days in busy preparation for a war—if I was obliged to fight, and my life depended on a conquest, I would choose the former. Even though he had the bubble, reputation, the latter would be apt to have the substance. And again, if a man is compelled to spend a whole lifetime battling against a human theory, without complete success, I do not call him a brave, strong man, that has sufficient faith and trust in Jesus and his God. Successful warfare is impetuous and fierce, in order that it end. If the moral man had faith “like unto a grain of mustard seed,” he would not beat about the bush in which his enemy had taken refuge, in order to scare him away. He would clear away the obstructions that lay between him and his enemy—he would beard the lion in his den, relying on his God—and if right, he certainly would conquer.

Fellow Laborer: All this amounts to this: If you and I, and *all* of us, would avoid being humbugged, we *must* obtain knowledge, and do *some* thinking for ourselves. If we become wise, our rulers *will be* wise, and our country will not be apt to fall into ruin. When our learned men differ, passion is apt to blind them. It is always possible that the truth is somewhere between them. Let us hunt it up, set them right, and let them go ahead. We are compelled to give them the credit of being mistaken, in order to give them due credit for good intentions—a

thing which I really believe the most of them have had. Let us trust to knowledge ; it is like money—you are surest to be benefitted by it when you have it yourselves. Build your knowledge up on the sure foundation God has given you—the Bible, and the storms of earth will never overthrow it. “Man was not made to mourn” forever. The wicked make us mourn sometimes, because we are ignorant ; when we become wise, they cannot deceive us. As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive. Christ gave us knowledge to overcome error. Let us drive away the Prince of Darkness, and sorrow will go with him. With knowledge, Earth may become a Paradise ; but without knowledge, Earth will certainly become an awful, dreadful, fearful Hell !

Then, in future, let us treat Man as the reality that we find him to be, and not as the wonderful romance that our imaginations may have painted him. He is like ourselves, weak, human, and liable to err. He is either a frank, open-hearted, sensible fellow, that is willing to correct his errors when he finds that he has committed any ; or, he is a mysterious, hypocritical pretender, endeavoring to rule and gouge us with his self-esteem. “Let no such man be trusted.” He is a barbarian in a civilized men’s clothes. he needs correction ; the good of society demands that he must have it.

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DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE :—I read your work on Africa, some time ago. I do not have it by me now ; but I recollect that you passed over a large amount of country that you are satisfied ought to be settled by an enterprising civilized people, for the double purpose of reclaiming the savage, and furnishing the commercial world with the raw materials so much needed in manufacturing commu-

nitie. I have understood that your pilgrimage was of a purely religious character, for the benefit of the heathen, and for the benefit of the world. I do not understand that your expedition was patronized by any nation, or for the especial aggrandizement of any one nation, but simply to benefit all the world, by spreading the Gospel of our Savior. It is not my style to flatter any person, but it is not right to withhold an encouraging word, by which merit may know that it is appreciated. I think just this : The world does not contain mind enough, just at present, to measure the real practical good that you have been instrumental in doing. I recollect that your views and mine were different on the bondage question ; but I cordially join in the belief expressed by the figure you used : " many rivers run various ways, but all find the sea at last." Anything done kindly, in good faith, for the African, or African race, is not lost. And who knows, Doctor, but that, after you have looked over the subject again, you may find that I am not wrong. And if, in your candid opinion (and you do not seem, by any means, to carry any other kind of opinions with you), you still find that I am wrong, you are the only person in all the wide world that I know of, possessing sufficient experience and practical knowledge, to show me how it is that I am in error. In that case, Doctor, I would be glad to have you do it. For, aspiring as I may be, and, doubtless, am, I can lay my hand upon my heart, and say, that I would not willingly build up a name upon an error.

You gave us some pretty heavy " rubs." We do not take offence, for we deserved them. We were not going according to God's law, and we are being punished as severely as we can well be for it. I think we know our duty better now, and that we will do it. Then we will present a better face to the world than we ever did before.

This theory, Doctor, upon which I am engaged, is either too full of good or evil to be let alone. If you should find it good, your experience thrwon in its behalf, would be glorious confirmation. You and I, Doctor, have not passed our lives in the comforts of civilized life. We have gazed upon the stars whilst we sat, lonely, by the camp fire, more than once, when home and friends were from us, far away. We have seen that the Savage of romance and the Savage of reality, were two very different individuals. Our early life was, in some respects, the same, for I too, was a factory boy. I commenced working in a cotton mill at the age of seven years (too young). No young slave in all the cotton States is put down to severe confining labor at that early age. They are at least allowed to grow up strong and healthy. They are not the puny dwarfs of modern civilized oppression. They usually possess a wealth of strength and buoyant animal spirits quite cheering to look upon. And, alas! that is about all the good that I can say for them now. But in the future, I trust that I can say something better. But as I have been compelled all my days to hunt up light work at light wages, because I happened to be light size, I could tell how nice a thing it is to have a well-developed muscle in the struggle for this life. I do not complain. It was well for me that there was a factory to which I could go ; and my Mother, dear to me, gave me every indulgence that the straitened nature of her circumstances would allow. I worked during the winters, six months, and went to school six months during the summers, alternately, until I was twelve years old. All praise to the fond, devoted Mother who struggled nobly with her trials in this life, in order that she may keep her little children near her. She can do that for them that another may not do so well—she can educate the heart.

You and I, Doctor, do not wish to see the doors of the factory slammed in the faces of the poor little orphan

boys. You and I, Doctor, know from experience, that the spindles need a vast amount of raw material to keep them going. And you and I have seen naked savages enough to know that the spindles ought to run. You have passed over lands well suited to grow a variety of materials needed in colder countries. I concur with you in believing that advancing civilization demands that a permanent and rising power should be growing in Africa, in order to fill the vacuum likely to exist in commerce without it. Say it yourself, Doctor—do you not think the Negro himself is, in more respects than one, best suited for that work? All the civilized world has an interest in this matter. I think that the nations having dependencies in Africa would be apt to give the colored man a fair chance to do well. Nations will see more plainly that they have an interest in building each other up. I would indeed be glad to see the African race in a fair way to become as great as any other people.

Well, Doctor, your ideas may not run parallel with mine, but for all that, I would like to have your thoughts on the subject. You have done much for the world, and I am sorry it has not paid you better. The Society that had you in charge, no doubt, did all they could for you. It is a melancholy fact that Missionary Societies are not well supported; and they do much as pioneers to discover the resources of a country from which nations derive much wealth. Still, nations will let the missionary spend the best energies of his life, and not even notice him. This is not as it should be. An encouraging word from Congress or from Parliament would help this matter some, but a missionary is not apt to get it. If you had passed those sixteen years that you spent in Africa, in attending to your own individual interests, it is not likely that you, with *your mind* and practical abilities, would have found yourself in a quandary as to how you could make yourself able to support your aged mother and educate your

children. It would have seemed nice to you, as well as to other people, to have had a bed to sleep in. Instead of that, you were passing weary months amongst wretchedness so depraved and squalid, that the civilized mind that has not been in contact with it, can have but a faint conception of the matter. But in those days, when the nights come on, you found yourself studying as to how you might lay your weary, emaciated frame to rest to best advantage, even endeavoring to make the surface of the beaten earth somewhat uneven, so that when you did lay down, your poor sore hip bones might not seem to break clear through the skin. It would have seemed pleasant to you to have had your wife or mother by you, to soothe and tend you in your sickness ; but, instead of that, you was defending your life against the murderous savage, when you were so sick that you could scarcely stand, or lift the pistol to take an aim. The savage did not murder you, Doctor, no ; nor did the lions kill Daniel when he was cast into their den—for the hand of God was there.

Well, Doctor, after it was all over ; after you had gathered almost a soul full of gems of practical knowledge, to pour into the lap of the world, they supposed they paid you off for the trouble that you had taken in their behalf. I do not recollect the figures now—they were too small to remember—but I think it was some two or three hundred dollars. O ! silly, cruel, and ungrateful world !

I say, again, that moral Societies who are all the time doing good, cannot be expected to have only just a “widow’s mite” of money at a time, to pay for anything ! But there are great men, and rich men, who have a pecuniary interest in this matter, who have money to spare. They invest it in fine wines and fine dinners, in horse races, prize fights, cock fights, and rat-catching dogs, and if anything goes wrong, they toot their little squealing horns for cotton. That sentence will fit almost anywhere in this



world of ours. I do not really wish to be coarse, but I do not come to see you often, and "such as I have, give I unto you." If you want morality, civilization and progress, and if you want cotton, put your own shoulders, *all of you*, to the wheel of Progress in a practicable way, and you will soon get all the cotton that you need. If you do not, you may awaken to the disagreeable reflection that all mankind are not made for the especial purpose of supporting you in your nonsense!

It is childish for the little boy to go into the orchard beneath the apple trees, and then reach up and strain, worry, rage, fume, scold and cry, in order to scare the apples off the limbs, and make them come down to him. Let him climb the tree up to where the apples are, then he can reach out and gather them, without farther heavy effort. If he is not big enough to climb the tree, if he waits with patience, the fruit will fall of itself when it is ripe. And further, this thing of throwing stones will not always bring you the kind of apples that you want.

But I am loosing sight of my good old friend, Dr. Livingstone. I was saying, I would like to get your opinions on this theory that I am trying to advance. And that reminds me that I am calling on a "free horse." A man, too, to whom I would be glad to extend a little rest. But you are the only man that I know, possessing a vast amount of practical knowledge, whose words upon this subject would be looked upon as purely disinterested. There are none to dispute *your* motives. So, you see, Doctor, it is either the free horse, or no horse at all. Please step out, Doctor, and give the world a ride.

My opinion that a Treatise on this theory, from  
 would sell sufficiently well in these United  
 and something for your trouble. Be that  
 it think that you are the kind of a man  
 error rise, without doing all you could



that are constantly endeavoring to persuade themselves (although they may be purely African, and are full as black as there is any need of being, in order to be respectable in these days) that they are a superior kind of nigger—in fact, *very* superior; so *vastly* superior, indeed, that they would feel offended if they were called upon to do a little something for the niggers of the common kind. It appears that the *superior* nigger has become so smart, that further smartness would be useless. He therefore has a mighty interest in keeping the common nigger from becoming as intelligent as himself—his popularity might suffer. There are poor white women in the United States that do washing, and sewing, in order to have a few two-bit pieces to contribute to the benefit of the poor “down-trodden” (?) African, and I am not able to say that this colored gentleman, with twenty five thousand dollars a year, is doing anything for his people. He is, probably, saying, “by my wisdom have I gotten all this.” I am sorry to see this state of affairs. For this colored man possesses means to enable him to write his name upon the history of the Age in bold round characters, “A Benefactor of his race.” What a multitude of young men and women he might redeem from bondage. And under the wise law that God gave Moses (which does not permit us to hold people of our own race or family in life-long bondage; it merely permits us to have the person we redeem under our control seven years—keeping count of his or her services by the usual yearly wages. At the end of seven years he or she is free to go where they please; but if they have not done enough to pay for their redemption, are expected to pay the balance at their convenience),\*

Education he could be the means of giving for the higher, I should say, more intrinsic life! He could do all this, to the bene-

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every negro slave is expected to produce enough every three years.

fit of all the world, and it would not curtail his twenty-five thousand dollars clear profits every year !

Come out of that, my woolly friend ! the world wants to see you ! Do not shut yourself up like an oyster, nor undertake to stick yourself fast to the white race, as the mistletoe does to the living tree. The mistletoe looks very green, it is true, but then it don't make timber. Gather round you and to you the beauty and talent of your *own* kind, polish them up to the highest possible state of moral and social refinement ; then, as you advance in life, you will find yourself to be the centre of a highly accomplished civilized society, of which you will be proud. *Make yourself and your race what you ought to be, a self-improving, self-sustaining, and self-relying people !* And then, you will not be ashamed of your color, and neither will the balance of the world.

My Colored Friend, I expect to call and see you again, and if I find that I have done you injustice, I will be sorry, and will make amends before the world. But if I find that you do need polishing, you will be apt to get hard rubs enough to polish any man of sense.

• My Worthy Friend, Doctor David Livingstone : I am truly grateful for the " raw material " that your book has given me. It does not make very pretty thread, but the Moral and Commercial world will find it tolerably strong. Good bye.

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It strikes me that there may be some people ill-natured enough to presume that I am writing merely for political aggrandizement. Be undecayed in horse races, want an office. If I deemed it essential, dogs, and if any to have an office, I presume I could get squealing horns you might say to the contrary. I do not stay anywhere in this

ered with an office for the next twenty years at least. I think that I have something in my view, of more importance than mere political name and fame. I may attempt to do something "on the moral sea." Be that as it may, I will still think that the Political Hill is not the highest hill that we have in America. At this moment, I desire to use the privilege that certainly is mine—of showing you what will save our suffering country, and also to show you what is the best possible way to benefit the African race; while, at the same time, I will show you what will build up Zion in our dear land, and by-and-by render it unnecessary for so many of our own poor White Women to labor in a garret twenty hours per day, subsisting on a crust, for no other visible purpose but to work out, note by note, the heart-breaking music called the Song of the Shirt!

And now, my Countrymen, if I have not been sufficiently plain, and you imagine that I am a mere bundle of pretensions—*wheel out your guns!!* From this forward, God willing, I am ready to maintain my grounds, and gain more of them! for the cause of mercy and of right!!

I feel myself now permitted to leave the subject with you. This is an effort of a common mind, extending back through many weary years. I have endeavored to divest my soul of every prejudice, in order that I might see clearly what God's will is concerning us, in order that we might avert, or at least live through, the fearful calamity that we all felt to be bearing down upon us. And, although I have expended many days of anguish and many nights of pain upon this question, the problem did not become lucid to my mind until a few days ago.

I am in a wilderness high up in our Sierras, without a book by me except a Bible, an old Cobb's Dictionary, and a portion of a school book. I rely that I call your writings to my aid—I and if called upon, the same tenacious

memory will hunt the papers up. Your kindness will forgive whatever blunders I have made, for, in the main, the words that I have written most certainly are true. I have felt that the future peace and happiness of *all* the world depended on a word; and I also felt that *that* word *must* be spoken quickly. My object has been to awaken—not enlighten, *awaken is the word*—and the weakest child possesses power to wake its mother up. You will, then, excuse me for not giving you anything more than a brief index to the unread pages and volumes of your own reason. And it is not wise for us to repine because we have erred. To err is the lot of mortals. I may be mistaken, but I somehow think, that it is a portion of the Divine purpose to have His children err; for, it occurs to me that the finite mind does not possess sufficient power to bear all the knowledge of the grandeur of God's ways at once. The light would be too intense; reason would stand aghast; it would totter; it would fall from its throne.

With these thoughts before me, and although we have the Bible, which is an unfailing epitome of wisdom, we are still permitted to err, in order that we may prove God's wisdom by bitter experience, when we become rash, headstrong, and wise in our own conceit.

This apprenticeship of mind is, doubtless, intended to prepare a foundation for the vast intelligence that our God will give us when we have passed over the river that flows along the shores of Time.

Our God forgives our errors when we turn from them away.

My Friends, the words that I have written—imperfect as they may be—should be published. It is right. They are an enemy, and even all the world, where in horse races, wrong. Although young David, with God's help, and if any slew a Giant, and found it easy done, squealing horns Young America, acting under the New York anywhere in this

labor to convince the Giant, in order that we may have the full benefit of his vast powers to assist us in the cause of mercy, truth and progress. I have published this to the extent of my means—my means were small—reserving only money sufficient to pay my expenses to the Seat of War. I feel that I have done my duty. For, to use the language of Edmund Randolph's speech, delivered June 8, 1788, "I have labored for the continuance of the Union—the rock of our Salvation. \* \* \* \* \*

[*Read that speech.*] You, my Fellow Citizen, will do your whole duty, or you will let it alone; *but your God will be your Judge.*

I have one duty more to perform, and God being my helper, I will be performing it as long as there is an armed traitor in the field to oppose me. Although I *do* expect the war to be over before I get there, I, at the same time, am somewhat acquainted with the perverseness of mankind, and would always rather go to some unnecessary trouble than allow a man to take me by surprise. The people may urge me to make speeches, but I do not think that my services in that line are really in demand. I am not the only man in these United States. We have talent and abilities sufficient for this subject. It needed awakening, *and it will awaken*, and then do the cause the full justice that lies beyond my power to give; and, besides all this, the dear old grey-headed Sages of my Country do not have the wealth of youth and vigor that I am grateful to possess, to place behind the musket.

I have studied out, and I have spoken the words that my brothers of the South should have said themselves. I *that* I have given them all the credit morality, civ-  
 ility, progress, will allow. I have weighed them  
 and have found them wanting. They edu-  
 cated and to labor—in that they do well; they  
 have the negro's *heart and mind*—in that

they do wrong. For there is no such thing as a one-sided bond.

And further, If they were allowed to secede, the mere force of surrounding circumstances, coupled with their selfish interest, would chain down the Black man's mind in ignorance forever.

And still further, It is always honorable for *all* people under *all* circumstances, to do what is right. Then let the people of the South accept the terms that God in mercy gives them, and I will love them as a brother should. If they refuse—do not ask me, a young man, to go about the country making speeches—for I *do* feel that all that I have, and am, or ever hope to be on earth, *must* be laid upon the altar of my Country. I am not a bold, rash man; I am not aware that I am likely to be seized with any very mortal terror on account of anything that is human; but I am afraid to meet my God, and tell Him that I acknowledged the independence of the so-called Southern Confederacy;—in a word, that I acknowledged they were, right, when I *knew* them to be wrong!

Hardy Sons of your Adopted California! I know you too well to insult you with a lengthy harangue. If your Country should need you, you will leave your gold mines, your farms and workshops; you will leave your store-houses, your offices and ships, and pay your own expenses to the seat of war.

*You will not* carry in your hearts the sickening reflection that you refuse to support a *just* Government and *just* Administration in its greatest time of need.

O! what is this life? It is merely a brief ~~pass~~<sup>prayer</sup>. They life to come; and should we fall, it will be in horse races, all the great Glory of our lives into a broggs, and if any have an enduring faith and hope, that if squealing horns all our duty here below, we will be ~~put~~<sup>not</sup> anywhere in this



from the Mansions of Eternal rest, and see this Government—Proud Temple of Human Liberty and Progress—marching forward with majestic tread—the highest emblem of the finite mind's perfection !

Yes ! yes ! Self-Government will live as long as there is aught in life worth living for. I had rather die than see bold treason triumph ; yea, rather die a thousand times, if such a thing were possible, than live to see so great a *wrong* spring up and grow upon the ruins of our Union.

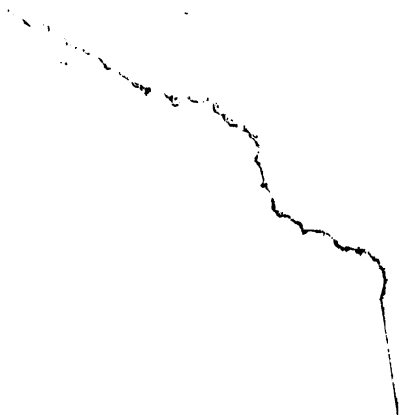
Good bye, Dear Friends—I am off to the wars ; and if you should forget all else that I have told you, please remember that the words, " We *must* Educate," are written in characters glaringly indelible upon the face of Progress.

Your sincere friend,

O. P. MITCHELL.

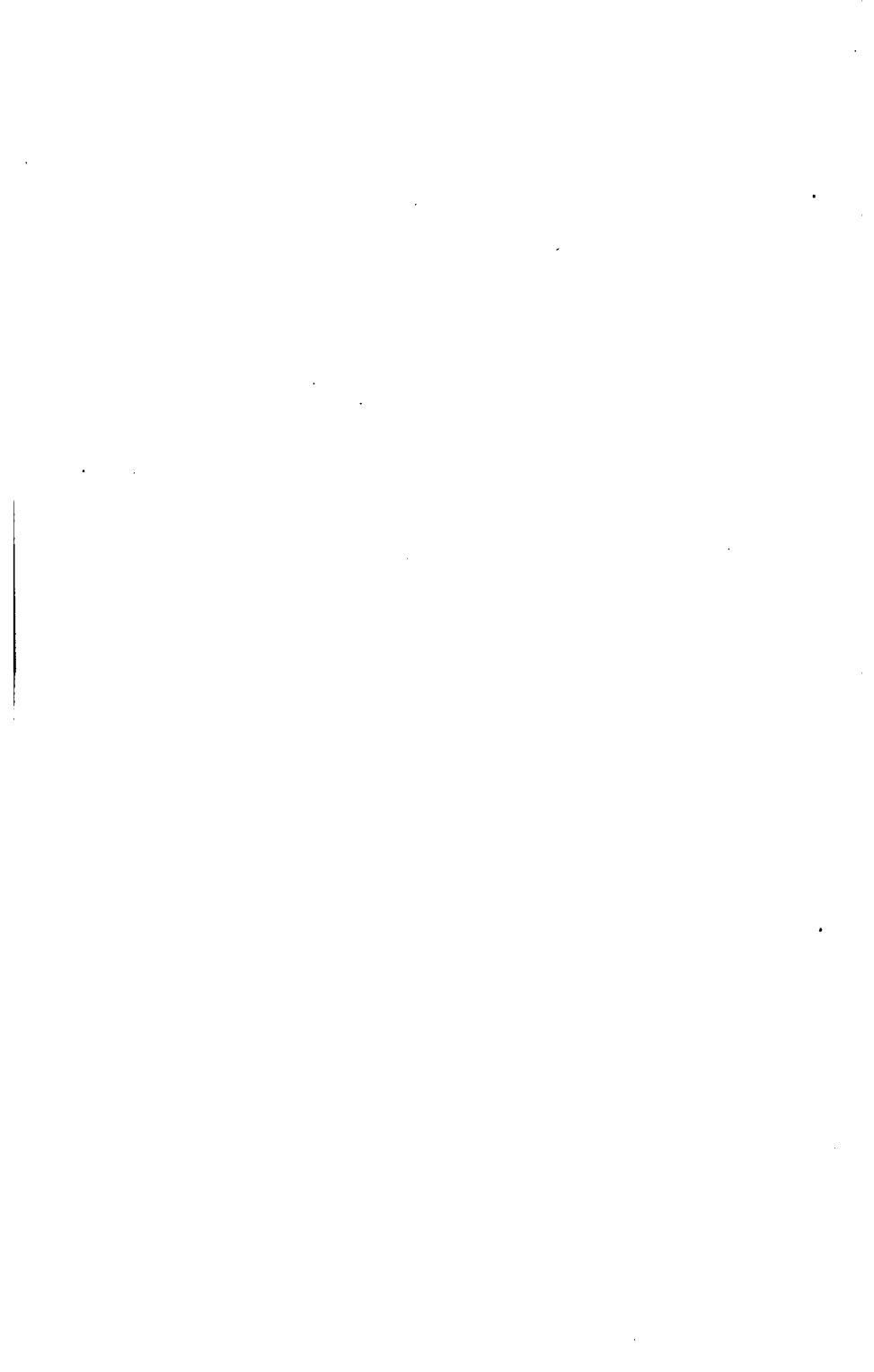


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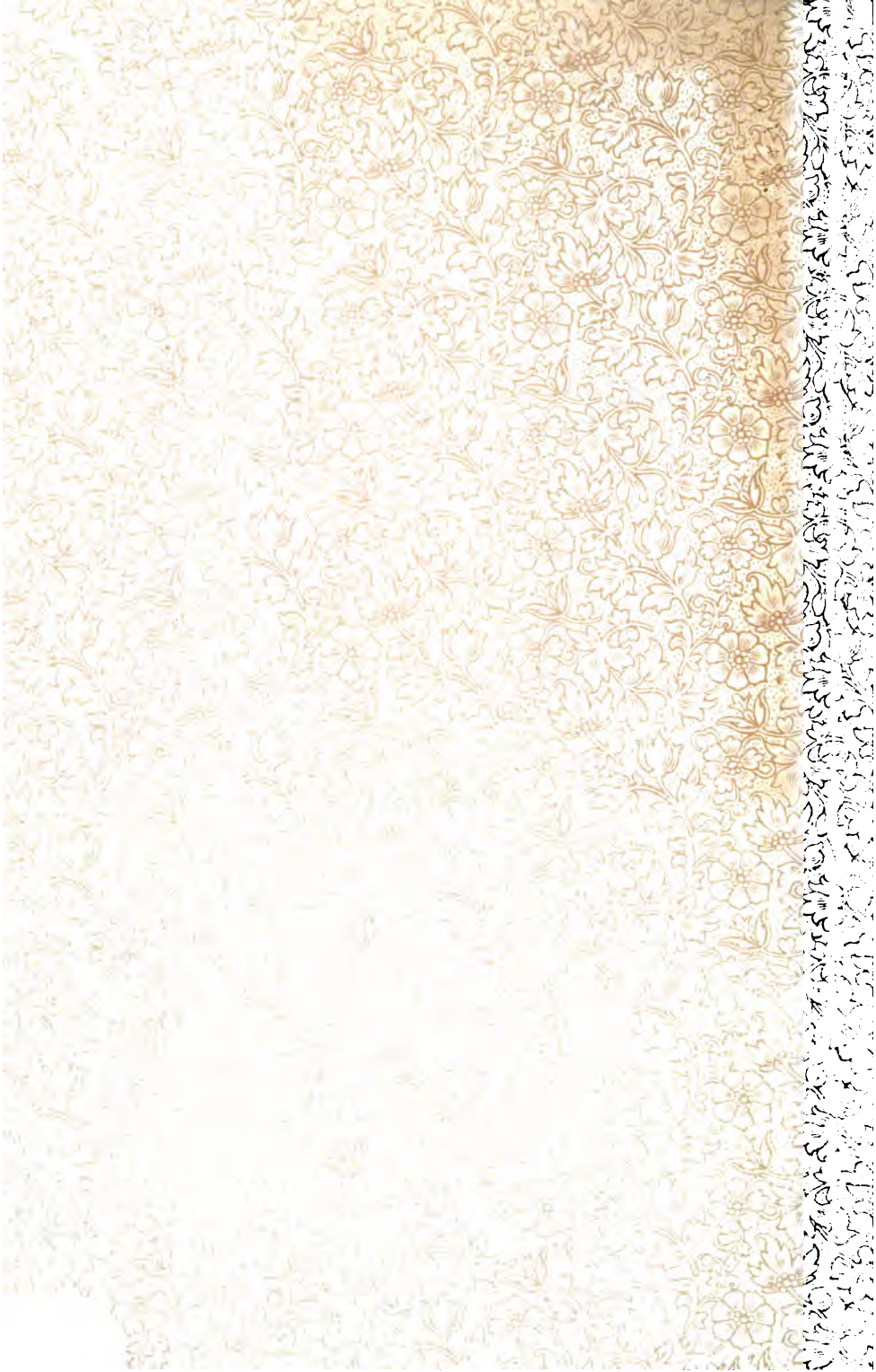


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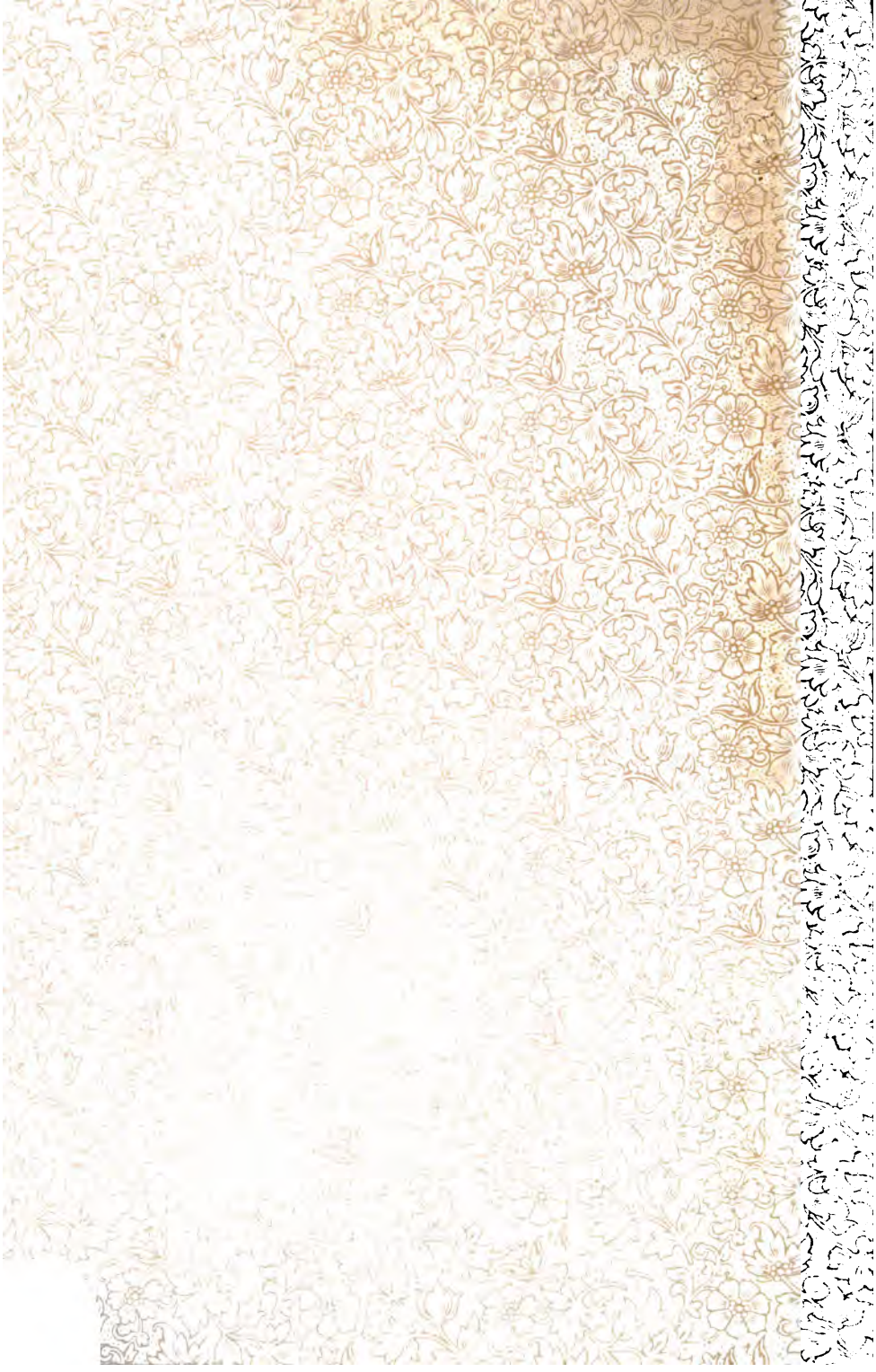
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